

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY
F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:

One year in advance \$2.00
Six months in advance \$1.00
Three months in advance \$0.50

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YOUR BIRTHDAY.

BY MRS. L. C. WILSON.

Your birthday, near the beating heart of June
Has come again, O Sweet!
In matchless splendor of the Summer's noon
When honey-suckles climb, as if to meet
Celestial sunshine, dropped at angel's feet.
Like tender notes of an unfinished song;
Your birthdays come and go;
And 'bove life's passion, purely borne along,
We watch the exultant meadows as they flow
Towards the unwritten music none can know.
What wishes can I offer you to-day?
In my imperfect sight
What would seem good might draw your soul
Away
From the diviner glimmerings of light;
Pathways are deep that reach the mountain's
height.
Yet in the building glory of this June,
I would that you may see
A sweet foreboding of endless Noon;
A taste of fairer Summer yet to be,
And of a glorious Immortality.

Our Mistaken Generosity.

One sleety November afternoon, Trelawny was moving about his comfortable chambers in the Middle Temple making preparations for a journey. His yacht was waiting for him at Trieste from which place he and his friend Hilcoat were to start on a cruise about the Mediterranean, shooting here, examining ruins there, just as the humor seized them. Hilcoat had had a plenty in the summer, and a nasty oppression about the chest still remained. The doctor had said that he wanted "a change"—that modern panacea—and as he was to be married next year, and desired to be all right before then, he accepted his friend's offer of the present trip, though he had a business which he did not very much like leaving.

Trelawny closed his portmanteau, overhauled the guns he meant to take with him, and examined the machine for making cartridges; and when all this was done, he took up a volume of Dante, and settled himself in a low rocking-chair, with a dictionary on the ground within reach of his hand. Trelawny was a nominal barrister, and had chambers in the Temple, simply because he had wished, on leaving the university, to retain the company of some of his best friends; and, in truth, the old college set was brought out in a sort of second edition, revised and corrected. But he never procured a horsehair wig, or a Blackstone, or intended to enter a court of law save on compulsion. Though, as he had taken a high degree, and was learned in modern languages, and practical sciences besides, he would probably have succeeded had there been any occasion for exertion. But he was rich.

Soon after the lamp was lighted, Hilcoat came in, not with the vivacity of a man about to start on a pleasant cruise, but silent, and pale as a turnip. He put his hat down on the table, and leaned against the mantelpiece. "What is it, old fellow?" asked Trelawny, rising and coming to him. "Something like ruin, I fear, if not worse." "Worse?" "Yes—dishonor. Demetrius has bolted." Hilcoat had been in the army, and would still have remained in the service had he not fallen in love with a young lady whose friends did not consider him rich enough. Now there was a banking and foreign agency business in the family, managed by an uncle and cousin, and had proposed that the young man should come into the firm long before he did so; but at that time he was too fond of his profession to quit it. When he wanted to marry, however, his ideas altered, and he gladly availed himself of the proposition when it was renewed on the serious illness of his uncle. The cousin had been paralyzed, and was little more than a sleeping partner for years, and Hilcoat had been alarmed by his responsibilities at starting; but his uncle had said that Demetrius would teach him how to conduct the business; Demetrius knew all about it, and was true as steel; he could trust Demetrius implicitly; and in that faith the old man died.

"Has he taken much?" asked Trelawny. "As far as I can make out, enough to embarrass me considerably; and no doubt the deficit is greater than I have discovered, for he has been misappropriating sums of money for some time. But this is not the worst; he has abstracted some title deeds deposited as security for a loan, and also the Rajah of—'s diamonds, valued at £30,000, which we had to take care of, pending negotiations for their sale. I am not sure that I cannot be held accountable criminally if I am unable to meet all claims. At any rate, suspicion will attach to my name, and my marriage with Edith is quite out—out—out of—"

"Come, don't be down-hearted man; the game is not lost yet. It is fortunate that you had not taken the man into partnership, as I have heard you say was your intention. Have you any idea of the motive for his turning rogue?" "Well, it seems that every one in the office but myself was aware that he was the victim of an infatuation. It has been a joke with the clerks for some time; they do not know the object of it; however, worse luck, for that might afford a clue."

"I know her, though!" exclaimed Trelawny. "It is the Countess de Surzy." "And who and what is the Countess de Surzy?" "Oh, there I am at fault. Some say that she is a Russian spy; others hint at her being a Jesuit agent. I have no doubt that she was employed by the French police during the late empire. At present she is certainly a dangerous adventuress, whether she is ever employed in political intrigue or not. As for the Count de Surzy, opinions are equally divided as to whether he is dead or whether he ever existed. One thing is certain, the countess was in London last spring, and Demetrius somehow got introduced to her; for he was constantly attached to her train. I saw him in her box at the opera last night. When he took his holiday last September it was to follow her to Paris; I passed through that gay capital on my way home from Switzerland, and again saw him in her company. She is of Greek extraction, so it did not seem unnatural that she should be friendly with a Greek. Indeed, I assumed that there was probably some relationship between them, for she lives in a world to which I should not have expected your staid man of business to have sought access."

"Do you mean that this doubtful countess is received in good society?" asked Hilcoat. "Not exactly," replied Trelawny. "In the palmy days of the empire she was seen in the houses of people who were not without influence at court; but nowadays—why, gentlemen of some position go to her parties, but ladies fight shy of her. She lives extravagantly; her equippage, her dinners, her wines are talked about; but of how she pays for her establishment, entertainments and dress, I have no notion. She is or was, extremely lovely, very clever, and fascinating beyond expression. By all accounts, she is as heartless and avaricious as she is beautiful and extravagant. She has been credited with the ruin of several of the gilded youth, with more than one suicide, and with duels numberless."

"And is it not strange that so brilliant a creature should listen to a man in the humble position of Demetrius?" "I don't know; she is losing the bloom of youth, and might very likely be glad to marry Demetrius should he get clear off with his booty. The diamonds particularly would tempt her, for her greed of precious stones is well known. As for him, he is 50, and there is no fool like an old fool."

"If we only knew where this Countess de Surzy was!" "I can tell you that, too; she is at Cairo. If we kept a watch upon her we are sure to catch him sooner or later. Have you communicated with the police yet?" "No, I hesitated. If he is pursued criminally, I may not be able to recover what he has taken; and if I do, the publicity will shake all confidence in the office."

"True, but we must risk that. However, we will endeavor to use the police as earth-stoppers while we hunt the old fox ourselves." Trelawny showed himself a born detective. His knowledge of the missing man's ill-placed attachment was indeed sheer chance. He, too, had once felt the fascination of the siren, and though he successfully resisted it, could not help taking an interest in her goings and comings, her successes and the calamities she caused. But he now proved to possess a remarkable aptitude for promptly distinguishing the useful from the useless threads of search.

Judicious inquiry, which it would be tedious to particularize, brought to light that Demetrius was a native of Arta; where his relatives cultivated orange and citron groves to a considerable extent, and that he frequently corresponded with them. A sorrow but handsome brother, with drooping moustaches, had been his guest during a visit to England two years before.

"He will make for Arta," said Trelawny, decisively. "I am certain of it. A nice quiet place to lie hid for awhile, and not too difficult of access from Egypt. His enchantress can join him there whenever she chooses. That is the plan for a million—if we do not thwart it."

"Where is Arta?" "In a corner of the Epirus, close to where the battle of Actium was fought. Near Perissa."

The sky and sea were blue; really blue and not washed out, like northern seas and skies. Suppose you were to take a Cambridge nettle to Naples or Athens, and tell the people that the sky-blue! they would not think much of your eye for color. A few miles off in front of the picture required a break were an island and an inlet. In the distance, to the right, dim picturesque mountains could be distinguished. These marked the position of Corfu; the little island and its satellite close at hand were Paxos and Antipaxos.

This scene was beheld from a nook in the rocks which rise abruptly above Parga—a lookout familiar to many and many a pirate in the good old days when Venetian argosies were worth watching for. But the two young men in buff boots and jumpers, who occupied the most at present were pro-Scandinavian—Trelawny and Hilcoat—in fact.

Although the romance of mysterious crime did not attach to them, they kept as keen a lookout-out on the horizon as ever Conrad or Beppo did; and one of them, Hilcoat, namely, was quite as impatient as those gun-powder-and-brandy gentlemen are generally represented as being.

"And you think he is certain of coming to-day?" he asked. "Certainties do not exist, even on the turf," replied the other, adjusting his telescope, "but the odds are vastly in favor of it. We know that the felucca is hired to bring him from Corfu, and that ponies have been engaged here to take him on to Arta. He knows that the Trieste steamer is due to-morrow, with a possible policeman on board. The wind is as favorable as a wind can be; judge for yourself whether he will come."

Do I mean to say that they had traced Demetrius to Corfu, and had not had him arrested? I do. It seemed to them so highly probable that he had connections in the island who would take care of some portion at least of the stolen goods during his stay, and that the most dastardly portion, if found upon him (the title-deeds or diamonds), were lodged in their hands in case of accident and would be irretrievably lost by precipitancy, that they thought it best to wait till they got him alone on the mountain-side, far from confederates. They would also avoid an imminence of fuss and publicity by thus biding their time. This may seem like over-finesse, told in this manner; but there were many little circumstances which influenced Trelawny, whose judgment as a rule, was very sound, and his friend gave way to him.

"But," the latter now said, "if the fellow does not come to-day I shall imagine that he has got an inkling of the ownership of the cutter, and will not bolt. And then we really must risk all and nab him where he is." "Agreed," replied Trelawny; "but if I do not mistake he has started. This breeze only sprang up a couple of hours ago, remember—and a lagoon sail is plainly distinguishable yonder."

And he handed the glass to his companion, who presently cried, "You are right; I see it!" On came the bird-like craft, flying down the wind, a long tapering sail spread on each side—"wing and wing"—as it is called. In a short time she was visible to the naked eye; then the little hull could be clearly distinguished. Straight as a dart she sped towards the rock where the watchers lay; and in a couple of hours or less from the time they had first sighted her she glided through the narrow entrance of a little basin, where the Kate already rode at anchor. The two watchers now left their posts, and clambered over the rocks to a spot which commanded the creek. They saw the lateen sails dash on the deck; then a boat was lowered, and a passenger and a portmanteau landed. After a steady stare at this passenger through the telescope Hilcoat said:

"All right; that is Demetrius, and no mistake!" Presently, three ponies were seen coming down to the beach, two of them led by a man who rode the third. Upon one of these the portmanteau was fastened, while Demetrius mounted another, and when this arrangement was effected the party began the ascent of a steep path, which led to the top of the hill where Trelawny and Hilcoat were stationed. These two now retired along a beaten track, which was considered by the natives as a road, for about a half a mile, where they came to some broken ground with huge boulders cropping up, amidst which an ambush might very well be concealed. Here Trelawny blew a whistle, and shouted—

"Bring him along to the yacht, and let us get him on board as quickly as possible," said Trelawny. "Half the people about here are klephts, and would sympathize with a rogue, especially one of their own blood." "One moment," pleaded Hilcoat. I must just relieve my mind, and see whether he has got the diamonds and the title-deeds upon him."

"Yes, I have," said Demetrius, who saw that the game was up, and thought that he had better try to conciliate his captors by freely giving up what he could not possibly retain. "The parcels are in my coat here; the diamonds are in pockets inside my waistcoat; there is one on each breast."

"All right," cried Hilcoat after a rapid examination. "What a relief! I feel as if a ton of lead was taken off my chest, and a sack of soot cleared out of my head." In half an hour the Kate was gliding out of Parga. Trelawny, Hilcoat, the steward, and Demetrius were in the cabin. The latter had only his shirt on, and his clothes, which lay on the table, were undergoing a strict examination. Notes were found sewn up in various garments, but the bulk were contained in a leather belt worn next the skin. These were to a very large amount indeed—so large that it was evident that the money embezzled from time to time had not been invested, or, if it had, that he had converted his securities into cash again before his flight.

"There is more in your hands than I have ever taken," Demetrius declared. "I have own savings for years are there. I have been a faithful servant to your family, Mr. Hilcoat; the business would have gone to nothing but for my management. What good will it do you to have me imprisoned for the rest of my life?"

"What he says is quite true," said Hilcoat to Trelawny afterwards, privately. "I have a very good mind to give him a thousand back and put him ashore, eh?"

"I have some idea that such a proceeding would be an unlawful act, called compounding a felony. But still since publicity might do your business harm, and it seems hard that you should be injured for the theoretical public good, perhaps we might connive at his escape. After all, a love for a worthless woman so strong as to draw an honest man into crime must be a sort of insanity, and so—"

And so they gave him enough to start him in an honest career, and landed him at Corfu, and went their way. The Rajah's diamonds and the title-deeds were returned to the bank safes, and their owners never knew of their abstraction. The next kind of office Trelawny did for his friend was to support him with his presence, six months later, when his matrimonial noose was adjusted, and to see him launched into wedlock. It is a beautiful custom with such English couples as can afford it, to cross the channel as soon after marriage as possible, in order to give the bridegroom an early opportunity of fulfilling his vow and displaying his devotion in sickness as in health. Hilcoat did not shrink from this ordeal, but nursed his bride from Folkestone to Boulogne. Then they went on to Paris where they rested awhile on their way to Switzerland.

On passing through one of the streets near the Madeleine, in the course of their sight-seeing, one bright-morning, their progress was impeded by a crowd of people gathered about a door, from which a couple of gendarmes presently emerged, leading between them a man with white face, wild eyes, and bare-headed. They thrust him quickly into a close carriage, which was in waiting, followed and drove off, but not before Hilcoat had recognized Demetrius.

again. At last he traced her to Paris, to learn that she was on the point of forming a connection with some one else; and then, in a frenzy of despair and jealousy, he committed the crime for which he was now apprehended. "Did the poor wretch harm instead of good by letting him go?" said Hilcoat to his wife. "It is always better to stick to the strict letter of the law; I not only committed an offense against the public weal, but drew attention to individual to deeper crime, and a heavier punishment by comparison with his felony."

Deacon Grimes, the other day upon Mrs. Butterwick, asked for a subscription to the missionary society. The following conversation took place: "Your husband is a Presbyterian, I believe, Mrs. Butterwick?" said the deacon.

"No," replied Mrs. B. "He belongs to everything else on earth but the church. That's what I say to him, that while he is joining so much he'll better join something decent, that'll do him some good. But he says he has no time. He belongs to about forty-six secret societies of various kinds. He's the awfulest man for such things you ever saw, and all the time running after them. Monday night he goes round to the Free Masons, Tuesday night he associates with the odd Fellows, Wednesday night is his Red Men night, Thursday night is his temperance lodge, Friday he goes fooling along with the Knights of Pythias, and all day Sunday he is visiting the sick and the widows and orphans of dead members. If there were sixty days in a week I believe Butterwick would have some lodge to attend to every night."

"Mr. Grimes, that man actually knows ninety-four grips and over two hundred pass-words. And he's awful mysterious about them. The other day I saw him swinging his arms about kinder queer at breakfast, and presently he stops and says: 'Thunder, I forgot where I was! Mary Jane, you saw that? It was a grand hailing sign. Swear you'll never reveal.' And, you know, he'll wake up nights and ask me if I heard him talking in his sleep, and if I say yes, he'll look scared to death, and get out his pistol, and say he'll blow my brains out if I ever repeat one of those pass-words. And he is all the time practicing on me, but he won't even tell me what any of them are, although he knows I'm just dying with curiosity. He says he knows more secrets than any other man in the whole state, and he says if he was to tell one of them, those Knights and Patriotic Sons and the rest of them, would put him into a vault and seal him up alive, or tear him to pieces with red-hot pinners. Says they'd bruise him into teeny quicker'n wink. Worries me nearly to death. S'pose he was to become temporarily insane and gush, but, what'd become of me and the children?"

"He's soreless, too. I see him giving the grand hailing sign to the slopman yesterday, and the slopman asked Bridget if Mr. Butterwick had the St. Vitus dance bad; and I know when he tried one of those grips on the man that came to tune the piano, the man said if he squeezed his hand that hard again he'd give Mr. Butterwick a bloody nose."

"And, as for processions. Well, it seems to me that when Butterwick ain't at a lodge, he's marching in a procession. Always some funeral or celebration or something, and he turns out and goes skipping around the streets, dressed in a cocked hat and a sword, and looking fierce enough to frighten anybody out of their wits. And he told me that sometimes he gets all these grips mixed, and he'll give a Mason an Odd Fellow's grip, and tell me not to be surprised if he is kidnapped and made way with before morning. And he'll kiss his children good-by, and making his last little arrangements—s'pos everything'll be straight when he's gone; and then the children and me'll cry, and he look solemn, and go to bed to rest before he meets his doom. But nothing ever came of it. They never touched him."

"You ought just to see the letters that come here direct to him. 'E. Butterwick,' and then a whole alphabet of letters strung after his name. He's a right worshipful grand master and a str knight, and an eminent past grand sashem, and a chief magnificent reverend Druid priest, and a whole lot more such things as that, enough to take your breath away; and with all he's no more stuck up than you are. Just as humble as a lamb. And he says he can reel out more stuff than they say at ceremonies than'd fill a small library; and he has about sixty sheepskin aprons, and all kinds of pictures on them, that he wears when he is on duty."

"So he has no time to attend church, and no money for heathens. He spent his last dollar Saturday paying up his last dues to the Knights of Pythias, and he says if he can't settle up with the Druids by Thursday they'll cut him off and chuck him out. I don't know what happens to a man when the Druids shut him down on him, but Butterwick hints that it is not much better than sudden death. Perhaps you're a Druid? No? Well, you call and see Butterwick, and he'll explain it to you, and meantime those heathens will have to shuffle along the best way they can. Maybe, if you was to write to them how Butterwick was fixed they might consider that sufficient. Good morning. Remember me to Mrs. Grimes. Then the deacon withdrew and went around to visit a less mysterious family."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

To-day will be yesterday to-morrow. He hath lived ill that knows not how to die well. Gratitude preserves old friendship and procures new. The sourest man is not wholly hopeful before he will not blaspheme his hope's son. Before you try to describe a sunset, attempt a description of an artist's picture of one. Have not thy cloak to make when it begins to rain? Patience and cheerfulness adorn the ruins of fortune, as ivy does towers of castles and temples. Necessity of action takes away the fear of the act, and makes bold resolution the favorite of fortune. A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing. Violent triumphs have violent ends, and in their triumph die like fire and powder, which, as they kiss, consume. The phrases that men are accustomed to repeat incessantly and by becoming convictions and ossify the organs of intelligence.—Goethe.

The Slav Mohammedans are not Turks, and have a hatred of their Ottoman rulers and oppressors as intense as that of the Christians. With every exertion, the best man can do only a moderate amount of good; but it seems like the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief. The useful encourages itself; for the multitude produce it, and no one can dispense with it; the beautiful must be encouraged; for few can set it forth, and many need it. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success.

You have got into the way of putting aside convictions. The eyelid naturally closes when any object is coming against it; so does the heart of a practiced worldling close and shut out convictions. We are too apt, in our wonder and our applause at the height to which a man has attained, to forget all odds to forget to note whether his steps up the incline have been clean and justly taken. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities men do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them. The light of a good counsel is that which setteth all things straight.

What is this life but the circulation of little mean actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and redress, feed and grow hungry, work or play, and are weary; and then we lie down again and the circle returns. It is easier to forgive an ancient enemy than the friend we have offended. Our resentment grows with the undesert, and we feel vindictive in due degree with our own doubts of the chance of finding forgiveness. To solicit patronage is, at least in the event, to set virtue to sale. None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood; few can be assiduous without flattery, and none can be servile without corruption.

Little martin boxes of honor are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered paradise than anything we know of; and little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment. Dr. Johnson once silenced a notorious female backbiter, who was condemning some of her friends for painting their cheeks, by the remark that "it is a far less harmful thing for a lady to render her own complexion than to blacken her neighbors'."

A woman may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the loveliness of an Armida; but—mischance may fall; with these she fails to make her home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her. Evil is easily discovered; there is an infinite variety. Good is almost unique. But some kinds of evil are almost as difficult to discover as that which we call good; and often particular evil of this class passes for good. It needs even a certain greatness of soul to attain to this, as to that which is good. During the French Revolution, Jean Bon St. Andre, the Vendean leader, said to a peasant, "I will have all your steeples pulled down that you may no longer have any objects by which you may be reminded of your old superstitions." "You cannot help leaving us the stars," replied the peasant; "and we can see them further off than our steeples."

The best woman in all the world is the one who best preserves her goodness, purity and dignity. Such women, who look more to the adornment of the mind, and to bettering the condition of humanity than to following the fripperies of fashion, will be the queens in the better world, before whom many a selfish being now in this life will reverentially bow. Wee a woman bravely. If there is anything humiliating to a woman it is to have a lover whom she wishes to honor, weak and rapid, ever yielding, and half afraid of her. She longs to tell him to "act like a man!" The man who conceals or denies his love for fear of being laughed at, is even less of a man than has no element of divinity in it is not love, but passion, which, of itself, has nothing ennobling. That was a beautiful inscription on a wedding ring. "Each for the other, and both for God."

Wind-mills in Holland are about as high as an average church spire. The arms or fans are of an enormous length, and carry 3,000 feet of canvas. And this is the machine that literally makes Holland. It pumps out the ocean when the ocean gets in. It saws and grinds. It does the lifting and the lowering. A family lives in the mill. In Holland there are full 10,000 of these mammoth structures. Some are built of brick, others of stone, and many of wood. They turn slowly, but with great power; and there is seldom a serious or long continued lack of wind.

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WIFE AND I.

She who sleeps upon my heart
Was the first to win it;
She who dreams upon my breast
Ever rests within it;
She who kisses off my lips
Wakes the warmest blessing;
She who treats within my arms
Feels their closest pressing.
Other days than these shall come,
Days that may be dreary;
Hours that may be weary;
Still this heart shall be thy home;
Still this breast thy pillow;
Still these lips meet thine as soft
Blow meeteth blow.
Sleep, then, on my happy heart,
Since thy love hath won it;
Dream, then, on my royal breast,
None but thou hast done it;
And when age or bloom shall change
With its wintry weather,
May we in the self-same grave
Sleep and dream together.

"One Little Indian."

On a beach, not a reservation, an affair of love, not a war, a story, not a song.
The affair began with an aversion on both sides; they do sometimes.
"The first time that he saw her he thought to himself:
"And it was for this quiet, little, brown nondescript girl that I gave up my trip to the Adirondacks, and hurried down here at Rob Sherwood's entreaty to 'come and be fascinated.' These were the words of his letter—and he knows that I affect blondes. Pshaw, I'd as lieve make myself agreeable to a squaw!"
And Phil Farnham pulled out his cigar and cigar smoke together, as he paced the piazza to and fro.
She looked all over him at a glance, when introduced, and thought to herself:
"And this is the man I have idolized in my imagination as a Launcelet among men? Rob said he was elegant. Why, he's old, and ugly, and unmanly!"
And a shudder of disgust ran through the slender figure as she turned away after the few words following the introduction. It looked a promising beginning, certainly, to the parties who felt an interest in the affair.
"Oh, and ugly, and unmanly," was the verdict, given decidedly by Rhoda to her aunt and cousin Maud, who a little curiously awaited her opinion. She was taking down her hair for the night, and stood in Maud's room, before the glass as she spoke; and to see her gliding the great, heavy braids back, one would think they had in some way conspired toward destroying her illusion of the Knight Launcelet.
"Why, Rhoda! He isn't thirty yet; and although he is not handsome, to be sure, he is not as hideous as you wish to make him out; and as for 'unmanly,' Phil Farnham is a gentleman." And Maud, who thought Phil next to her lover and brother, the most elegant of men, was a trifle indignant at Rhoda's criticism.
"He must be a sort of a wizard, I fancy; he appears to have charmed you all. For my part, I can see neither youth, beauty or grace in the red whiskered gentleman. But peace to his ashes! He may continue to smoke unmolested by me during his stay here. Don't ask me to talk to him, for I shan't be civil, I know. I've taken an intense dislike to the man."

And with these words Rhoda flitted through the door leading to her room with an affected shudder that would have done credit to a first-class actress.
"What on earth does she mean, mamma, and what shall we do about it? She must not be rude to Rob's friend!" cried Maud.
"Let her go; it is only another of her freaks," replied Mrs. Sherwood, shrugging her shoulders.
Rhoda Brent had some very peculiar traits. Her aunt said she was all oddities, and very little like the Brents, by which, of course, she meant she was not a bit like her mother's people, or her. Rhoda was Mr. Sherwood's ward and Mrs. Sherwood's niece, and as her aunt was desirous of seeing her well married and off her hands, now that she was well educated and out of school, she had maneuvered skillfully to get Phil Farnham down to the beach that summer, in order to throw the two together. The first move in her little game, however, promised anything but a victorious close.
Rhoda had been a trial to her aunt ever since she had had her in charge. Maud, now, was totally different. She did just what was expected of her, and had therefore very properly fallen in love with the man her mother had selected and now, duly engaged, was only waiting the coming autumn in which to marry and take her tour abroad, according to the usual manner of girls in her set. Rhoda, on the contrary, did nothing any one expected of her. She had refused, point blank, two splendid offers, both of which her aunt approved and urged, and as matters looked now, she was in a fair way to avert, at least, a third. Mrs. Sherwood consulted her son not long after, and the two concluded they would try new tactics.
"She is just like all the Brents—contrary and wilful," said Mrs. Sherwood, with a sigh.
"Very well, mother—we can do the same. Now I propose a new method. If you are determined to marry Rhoda

off to somebody, Phil Farnham is just the fellow—only he doesn't admire brunettes you see; but you have talked too much about Phil to her—in his favor, I mean. Try the rule by contraries. Instead of praising him talk him down. Make her fall in love out of sheer contrariety. Arouse her pique, enlist her sympathy, and she will be dead in love with the object before the summer is over. He isn't behind her in obstinacy, either—but you manage her and leave him to me!"
There was very little said about Mr. Farnham after that, and as he was very rarely in the house, being out in his yacht or off fishing most of the time, she was not annoyed by his presence or his intentions. It puzzled her after awhile, and she wondered how Phil Farnham came to be called "fascinating" and a winner of hearts, when she had not seen any attempt of his to make himself agreeable to any one. She asked Rob about him one day when they were coming up from the bath.
"I thought you told me Mr. Farnham was a ladies' man," said she. "Why, he hasn't spoken to one since he's been here."

"Oh, that's because he's so dreadfully fastidious," carelessly replied Rob. "He says there isn't a pretty girl at the house. You know he affects the blonde style of beauty. He declares he feels as though he was in a wigwam when he looks down the table and sees all those dark faces. Why, he calls all brunettes 'squaws.' Ha, ha!" and Rob laughed heartily.
Rhoda did not enjoy the joke. She walked a little quicker, a vivid flush flushing flaming up into her dark cheeks, and answered her cousin sharply.
"The cool insolence of these red whiskered 'pale faces' is refreshing—a little dash of the Indian would improve Mr. Farnham's manners, as well as appearance. 'Squaws,' indeed!"
"Yes, I think so, too, Rhoda. I was provoked at him, for I wanted him to like you, and he doesn't!"
"He doesn't? Pray how can he judge. I am sure he hasn't spoken a word to me since the evening of his arrival."

"Well, Rhoda, I wouldn't have much to say to him if I were you, if he gives you a chance. But he won't, for he declares he never troubles himself to pay attentions where he does not admire. There he is now. Let's turn off this road!"
And Rob made an attempt to take the next path, but Rhoda outstreaked him, and walked boldly by the enemy, flashing out a bright, defiant glance from beneath her long jetty lashes as she bowed good morning. Rob whistled softly to himself and laughed again, but inaudibly.
"That little cousin of yours has a fine pair of eyes, Rob," raved Phil Farnham lazily, from the depths of his hammock out on the lawn, where he and Rob were taking a siesta that afternoon.
"Yes, but you needn't expect to receive any admiring glances from them, Phil; she will never take the trouble to make herself agreeable to a man who wears them. She calls you 'Dundreary,' and Rob laughed merrily to himself.
The hammock swung to and fro so rapidly now that it threatened to overthrow it occupant, and the volume of smoke that issued therefrom looked very much as though there might be a raging fire within its depths somewhere.
"Say, Rob, let's look at the hop tonight," said the voice in the hammock, after a long silence. "I believe I'd like a waltz or two."
"Certainly—I'm willing, but I didn't think there was any one here you would care to waltz with. Oh, I forgot, Miss Merton arrived here to-day and will make her debut in our rooms this evening. How would you were over her blonde beauty last winter?"
"Um? Yes, very fair and stately. Well, I'll meet you there to-night—we'll make our debut, too, in full dress—red whiskers and all," said Rob.

Rhoda was radiant that evening. She looked up well, and in a wonderful buff and scarlet combination of silk, lace and flowers, the pretty little, lithe, dark figure swayed in the waltz and whirled in the galop like some tropical bird. She danced divinely, and loved the waltz with girlish fervor. Therefore she did not refuse Mr. Farnham "the pleasure" when he came toward her early in the evening and begged the honor of her hand. She discovered at a glance that he waltzed like a "god," and, as she often declared, she would dance with a chimney sweep if he could glide with her step, she did not refuse him once after.

Somehow it must have been for the same reason of course, Phil Farnham waltzed often with her than with any other lady in the room; and in spite of his predilection for blondes, brunettes appeared in the ascendant that evening, and the fair debutante, Miss Merton, paled and languished with jealousy as she noticed the attention—nay, devotion—that "little dark Miss Brent" was receiving from her preux chevalier of last winter.
"I never thought Phil Farnham anything of a flirt before," said Mrs. Sherwood, the next morning, as the girls sat in her room talking over the hop; "but I must confess he disappointed me. He isn't the kind of a man that I took him to be. Now last winter he was devoted itself to Miss Merton—and last night he scarcely noticed her. There was no reason for his non-attention either, for I could see that she was chagrined at his neglect. Somehow, I don't like Phil as well as I used to, if

he is changed," and Mrs. Sherwood shook her head and sighed.
"Perhaps it is his taste only that has changed, and he prefers brunettes to blondes now," answered Rhoda, smiling to herself slyly, as she recalled Rob's words, and contrasted them with Phil's manners the night before.
"No, not that altogether. I know he doesn't admire dark women. I mean the whole character seems to have changed. He is reserved—not as pleasant or agreeable as he used to be—critical and satirical; and Rob says he is growing into a sort of woman hater, declares he will never marry, because he can never love one of the 'women of to-day.' So don't fall in love with him, Rhoda!"
"Won't marry because he couldn't love one of the 'women of to-day'? I suppose any one of them stands ready to fall into his arms at his asking! You needn't warn me, auntie. I dislike the man," was Rhoda's sharp retort.
"Well, I'm sure Phil is a nice enough fellow, but I never should want to marry him, said Maud. 'I'm like you, Rhoda; I couldn't stand a pair of red whiskers and moustache close to my lips!' and Maud shuddered very much as Rhoda had done a few days before.

"Mr. Farnham's whiskers are not really—red. Do you think so, Maud? I should call them more of a blonde brown," replied Rhoda, not noticing the sly glances Maud exchanged with her mother at this sudden change of opinion in one who had colored the red whiskers and moustache herself not ten days ago.
"Farnham's an odd fellow," exclaimed Rob, who had come into the room just as Rhoda had pronounced Mr. Farnham's whiskers brown. "I've been trying to get him enthusiastic over our masquerade, and he won't even say he will stay until the night of the ball. He's tired of the beach. Now, Rhoda, if you were only a blonde, you might have smitten him with your charms; and through you I might have persuaded him to remain. I don't know, however, that I wish he liked you, for—"

"For what?" interrupted Rhoda, quickly.
"Oh, you'd never suit one another, that's all. But I needn't bother myself. He doesn't admire squaws, and you hate red whiskers; so there isn't the least danger of your fancying one another."
"Well, Miss Merton is here. She's a pale-faced blonde, I'm sure. Can't you persuade Mr. Farnham to stay through her, say?"
"No! He's tired of the beach and everybody here, he says. So I suppose he will go."
But Mr. Farnham did stay to the masquerade, notwithstanding it was postponed a week later than at first designed, and much beyond his proposed time of departure. In that time, too, he paid such marked attention to little, dark Miss Brent, that large, pale Miss Merton was shocked at the perversity of men's tastes and everybody quite astonished at the turn affairs had taken.

Everybody, at least, but Rob Sherwood and his mother.
The ball was a success. Phil Farnham looked really very well in his costume, which he copied as accurately after Southern's as he could, and with his "blonde brown" whiskers, quite the cut, and a few alterations in his expression with paint and pencil, he made a very presentable "Dundreary." The usual number of stereotyped flower girls, queens, knights and peasants crowded the floor; but the prettiest dancer in the room was one little Indian, "Minnehaha," she called herself. The costume was pretty and unique. Decked off with a profusion of bright beads and feathers, gaily ornamented moccasins slippers, and the long, heavy plaits of black hair hanging far below the owner's waist, altogether it was a charming, if not an entirely accurate study of an Indian girl.
"I think I recognize these, sweet Minnehaha," whispered "Dundreary," taking up one of the braids as he spoke, and drawing the little brown hand through his arm for a promenade.
"Do not be too sure," said the maiden in a low tone. "As you pale faces are wont to call all dark maidens 'squaws,' I should think it would be a difficult matter to pick out one individually in this assembly."

"If this little Indian were less charming and agreeable in her manner toward me, I might individualize still closer, perhaps, and whisper her true name, only the lady whose eyes shine behind that mask looks 'red whiskers,' and would never trouble herself to talk to a stupid Dundreary!"
"Did Robert Sherwood tell you that?" The mask was torn off now, and stepping out of the crowded room into the wide piazza, Rhoda Brent's flashing eyes looked up into Philip Farnham's face demanding an answer.
"Confidence for confidence. Did Robert Sherwood tell you I called all dark women 'squaws'?"
Then they both laughed in each other's eyes, and the moon shone down brightly upon them, the sea softly murmured to them; and the summer night stars twinkled merrily over their heads.
The affair was settled amicably between them there; and when, an hour later, Rob Sherwood stepped out into the piazza in quest of his cousin and his friend, and beheld in the shadowy moonlight, Minnehaha's dark tresses half hid behind Lord Dundreary's red whiskers, he came up to them with a quizzical smile upon his lips and whistled a bar of the "Ten Little Indians."

"Robert Sherwood, your cousin Rhoda Brent has promised to be my wife. In spite of the pains you seem to have taken to prevent our liking one another, you see we do, and I hope we have your good wishes."
"Ah?" cried Robert, starting back in mock surprise, and recklessly quoting in a melodramatic tone:
"Bring not to the lodge a strange squaw From the land of the Lacotas. There are feuds."
Here he looked sternly at Rhoda.
Phil laughed, and taking Rhoda's hand in his replied as dramatically:
"For that reason, if no other."
"And I would the fair beauty That old feuds may be forgotten. And I would be healed forever Give me as my wife this maiden. Minnehaha, laughing water. Let your heart speak, Minnehaha."
Rob continued to quote, then Rhoda, "nothing willing nor reluctant," putting her hands into Phil's with a blush and a smile, said:
"I will follow you, my husband."

All the people at the beach—save Miss Merton, thought it a very good match; and some declared they had predicted it from the first day. Mrs. Sherwood and son congratulated themselves upon the success of their well laid plans, but Rhoda or Phil never dreamed that they had been made to fall in love with one another out of sheer contrariety or pique.
In spite of the chagrin he felt at first, when giving up his trip to the Adirondacks, he had come down to the beach to be introduced to a "plain, little, nondescript girl," Phil Farnham never regretted having done so. And, although he is still a profound admirer of the blonde style of beauty there is no woman in the world so dear to him as his "One Little Indian."

Difficulties between employers and working men would be less frequent, says the American Manufacturer, were their intercourse more conciliatory, and were each to realize that seeming inequalities are but surface appearances; and that the best interests of the one can only be secured in the protection and welfare of the other. Governed by such dispositions and opinions, irreconcilable differences could scarcely arise, because each would take a fair view of the rights and obligations of the other, and willingly make the concessions required by justice and kindness. A reasonable amount of information, derived from observation and reading, is a pre-requisite qualification, and is always found wanting, on one side or the other, where jars and contentions disturb the harmony essential to these relations. Admitting this qualification to be possessed by employers, a further duty devolves upon them, of insisting that their workmen shall possess it also. Men utterly illiterate, who can neither read nor write, cannot possess the self respect and ambition needed to form skilled mechanics, neither can they be sufficiently enlightened to comprehend their rights and duties, to know when they are well treated, or to understand the fluctuations in business which justify the rise and fall of wages. It is therefore a duty of employers to employ none but persons sober, moral, diligent, and accustomed to reflect—men with whom they can stand on reason—who can understand just conclusions, and feel the overruling propriety of abiding by them. Where large establishments are organized on these principles, the business moves on with contentment on both sides—each respects the rights of the other—misunderstandings are quietly settled without strikes, and peace and mutual goodwill reign as in well regulated families. Where the instrumentalities of labor are organized, with intelligence and integrity of employers, and with workmen suitably cultivated for respectable American citizenship, the most desirable consequences may be reasonably hoped for: 1. Superior safety of capital in enlightened hands. 2. Economy of time and labor when conscientiously employed. 3. Economy in the use of stock and materials manipulated by instructed men of good principles. 4. For the same reason, the best results may be looked for as to quality and quantity of products. 5. Interests of customers and consumers are better subserved with fabrics made upon honor. 6. Ignorance is the generator of crime and vice, producing the worst consequences where it prevails. 7. The safety of society can only be conserved by enlightened citizens, and are jeopardized by the malignancy growing out of general ignorance. 8. It is impossible to overestimate the social value of making workmen good and useful citizens. 9. So to elevate a large class, gives stability to schools and institutions for moral and intellectual culture. 10. Working men constitute a large majority of our people, and whatever lifts them up in the social scale is important to the whole community. 11. In numerous eastern cities and towns, the benign arts of cultivating the industrial class are visible in good order and the general moral tone of society. 12. It is, manifestly, a primary duty of employers, to themselves and to society, to give preference to workmen of intelligence and morality; where such qualities are uniformly preferred, those who possess them will strive to attain them, and they will form an essential qualification in preparing youths for employment.

There are many things a man can run away from—an impending suit, his creditors, his family, his duties. But no man ever yet succeeded in running away from himself.
The highest power of reserve which was ever concentrated in any human life whose outlines were well known to us, was that under the steady stress of which Emily Bronte's short career was passed. She, like her sisters, lived with a father of whom they were afraid, amid wild and gloomy moors, where they had no companions but themselves, yet, unlike her sisters, she could hardly tell even to them the imaginations of her own heart. We are told how hopeless her efforts proved to enter into anything like the ordinary intercourse with her fellow creatures—how again and again she returned home after efforts to gain her own bread, which failed solely from her complete failure to open easy relations with her kind—how in her last illness she would not admit even to her sisters her illness till within two hours of her death, but then whispered faintly, "If you will send for a doctor I will see him now," when she was almost in the agonies of death. In Emily Bronte the restraining power of reserve assuredly amounted to something very near mental disease. Yet what a wonderful force it gave to her genius! Highly as Mr. Reid, her late biographer, appreciates "Wuthering Heights," he almost makes one laugh at him, as if he were thoroughly unable to appreciate it, when he compares it even for a moment with such trash as Lord Lytton's "Strange Story." The passages he quoted, for instance, from "Wuthering Heights," as to the way in which Catherine's image haunted Heathcliff after her death, is, when compared with anything Lord Lytton ever achieved, like a stroke of lightning to the glimmer of a rush-light. There is more concentrated power in all the pinchbeck novels Lord Lytton ever wrote (which is saying nothing), but than in any single story ever known to us in the English language. The capacity for expressing imaginative intensity surpasses to our mind any achievement in the same space in the whole of our prose literature. We should rank "Wuthering Heights" as eccentric and lurid as it is—as an effort of genius far above not only "Villette," which seems to us Charlotte Bronte's greatest effort, but "The Bride of Lammermoor," which is the nearest thing to it in Sir Walter Scott's imaginative writings. In "Wuthering Heights," the concentrated power of a great imagination gave one brilliant flash and disappeared. No doubt the reproductive force of Emily Bronte's reserve was something like a disease, but it had the effect of storing imaginative power as nothing else in the world could have stored it, and no one who reads all that is told of her could suppose for a moment that had her reserve been less than it was, we should ever have had that one great flash of genius. Doubtless she would have been broader, happier, in many respects a truer woman than she was, if she had had more communication with her kind, but her genius would hardly have affected any one thing so great; she might have been far wider; she could not have been so intense; she would never have gazed so deeply into those evil eyes of Heathcliff's—eyes seen only in her reveries and never in real life—which she so finely describes as "the cloudy windows of hell," if she had not stored up all the elastic force of her reverie into that one single creative effort. And so with Charlotte Bronte's genius; it certainly reached its acme when her life was at its loneliest, when she was robbed of the sympathy of both her sisters. "Villette" is almost as much greater than "Shirley," or "Jane Eyre" as "The Bride of Lammermoor," written in pain and under stress of illness, was greater than "Ivanhoe" or "Kenilworth."—Spectator.

Petrarch the favorite of Lovers.
Petrarch's house—the house to which alone, as all Arque right well knew, where foreigners' footsteps likely to be directed—stands high above the church, and the group of poor tenements which constitute the present village. We walked thither, the road being too steep for wheels, headed by a barefoot, black-eyed peasant, speaking the soft speech of the Venetian provinces, and willing to talk as much as we would let him of the great gathering at the poet's tomb on July 10, 1874. Yes, the world had sent a splendid embassy to honor one of its rulers, a crowned poet, higher than a king, and wielding an infinitely greater power over mankind, swaying their intellect, their affections, the better part of them. Fate embittered the great soul of Dante, Petrarch, more fortunate in this, had never known "the whip and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely," which lacerated the high heart of the great Florentine. Sweetness and love made up the atmosphere of Petrarch's spiritual life, and sorrow only softened it, as the silver hair tempered and beautified the sunlight that day on his Euganean Hill. There are the rooms he lived in, the little study where he died, the garden which gave him grapes and olives, the view on which his eyes rested when he looked forth from the casement. His chair is preserved, and one or two other relics. His last years were tranquil, and he was found on the morning of June 18, 1374, with his head bowed down and resting on a volume he had been reading—dead. The volume was, according to the most accredited opinion, the "Confessions of St. Augustine." On the little piazza in front of the church—a natural terrace overlooking the valley—stands his tomb.—Beltracchi.

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LOCAL MATTERS.

Green's Gallery is at Alexandria.

Hon. Tull Bradford was in town last Thursday.

Mr. J. D. Hammond has a good piano for sale. See advertisement.

We are glad to note that business is reviving in Jacksonville, and better times are at hand.

As Coroner was not voted for generally over the county, we do not put it in our table. Rufus Alexander was elected Coroner.

Capt. D. P. Forney and J. J. Skelton were elected Justices of the Peace for this Beat, and R. R. Riley was elected Bailiff.

MARRIED.—On the 5th day of August, 1877, by the Rev. J. B. Stevenson, Mr. M. G. Mahaffey and Miss Effie M. Black, all of Calhoun county.

PICNIC.—George White requests us to say there will be a picnic at White's View the 17th inst. There will be music and dancing and lots of fun.

Whether we have a convention or not, some of our friends are dissatisfied with the course of Jacksonville. Please tell us what we can do to please you.

The election at this beat, and throughout the county, so far as we can hear, passed off quietly. Not a single disturbance of any consequence occurred at any box.

Mr. John M. Wyle, so far, is the champion sweet potato raiser. He dug, on the first of this month, a yam potato measuring 7 1/2 inches in length and 7 1/2 inches in circumference.

The sub-committee of the Grange Fair Association met Tuesday to let out the contract for piling in the fair grounds. It is likely the plan of piling in the lot will be changed.

The interest in the election was very great, if we may judge from the manifestation of interest on the day following. Over three hundred people from the country were in town Tuesday.

The most reliable information in regard to the election shows that Goodlett is elected Sheriff; Swan, Treasurer; Webster, Collector; Ledbetter, Assessor, and Scarborough, Griffin, Fowler and Patterson Commissioners.

We have been shown a very fine specimen of German millet by Mr. J. J. B. McElrath. He sowed seven pounds of seed, and will make more stock feed than he could make on two acres of corn. The stalks shown us are six feet high.

Those candidates who have asked indulgence of us during the campaign are requested to close up their accounts as early as possible. We are willing to take corn, wheat or flour from those who do not find it convenient to pay the money.

We learn that a pleasant picnic was had at Sulphur Springs on last Wednesday, but as no one from this office attended, and as we have not been furnished with any account of the occurrences of the day, we can say no more of it.

We have a letter from Mr. W. A. Scarborough informing us that there will be a Grange Picnic at Josie's Springs, near White Plains, on Wednesday, the 22nd inst. All the Granges, and "everybody," are invited to participate. Speakers will be present.

The returning officer from Davisville failed to bring a copy of the tally sheet with him, and the one from Maddox beat did not bring a full tally sheet as to Commissioners, consequently it cannot be determined who is the fourth Commissioner until the official count is made.

A correspondent from Alexandria valley reports the cotton crop improved beyond expectation; that there is a great deal of sickness in the valley; that Mr. Samuel McElrath, who has been very sick, is now improving, and that the great strike is the chief topic of conversation.

Gen. W. H. Forney has returned from Washington. He thinks that in the course of a few months he will succeed in having the prosecutions suspended against those persons who were indicted in this State for illicit distilling, provided that violations of the law in this respect are not repeated.

Let us all scratch out and commence over again. Every election makes new bedfellows. Two friends work together in one election and directly against each other in the next; but that is no reason why they should not still be friends. Let us be all tolerant of differences of opinion in each other and we will all be happier.

For the satisfaction of our readers we give the vote of the county by beats. We are unable to give the official returns, from the fact that the official count is not made until day. If the official count shows any errors in our table we will make the corrections next week. We believe the table to be almost absolutely correct, however, as it was gathered from the returning officers as they came in, and those gentlemen having the majority as shown by it are our next county officers.

The two plays selected for the Amateur Dramatic Entertainment will please all who witness their performance. The play of "Hand and Glove" is by two English authors of considerable repute, and is full of incident and thrilling scenes. The farce of "The Quiet Family," with the cast of characters it has, will not fail to amuse and gratify all who see it. The attendance from the surrounding towns and country will be larger than at any performance of the kind ever held in Jacksonville.

THE PICNIC AT BLUE MOUNTAIN SPRINGS—One of the most pleasant picnics of the season was had at Blue Mountain Springs last Wednesday. These springs are about ten miles from town in the direction of Cross Plains, and before the war were quite a health resort. We arrived at the springs about ten o'clock and found quite a crowd collected in and about Judge Walker's "dabbin." Seats, a swing and other conveniences had been arranged for the comfort of the party. Judge Walker received the visitors as they arrived, assisted by Mrs. Walker, or, as all the young folk call her, "Aunt Sallie." "Aunt Polly" Samuels, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Dr. Clark and her accomplished daughters, the Misses McGhee, Miss Louise Costello and Miss Lizzie Burke, all visiting the springs, contributed largely to the enjoyment of the party. Soon after our arrival the music struck up and the dance commenced. Quadrille, waltz, schottische and polka followed in succession until dinner was announced, when all paraded to a splendid collation which had been spread on tables in the shade of the trees. After dinner a party was made up to visit the top of the mountain about a half mile distant. It was something strange how the large party that started broke into crowds(?) of two. The young gentlemen had an opportunity of displaying their gallantry, and we never heard the young ladies complain that they were not satisfied. For real pleasant flirtations we commend to the young people picnics on mountain sides. We escorted petite Miss Julia C., but she had become so tired by climbing that we were often left far behind her. The view from the top of the mountain and many points along its side was perfectly enchanting. As we descended we saw a storm approaching, and the play of the lightning and the shutting out of the landscape below, as if with a black pall, was one of the grandest and most awe-inspiring scenes we ever beheld. We reached the cabin just as the rain began to fall and found it packed with the crowd. A terrific thunder storm swept over the mountain, the vivid lightning flashing every instant while deafening peals reverberated thro' the hills which trembled with the shock. But thunder and lightning could not rather did not stop the dancing. The music struck up, and the clear voice of Ed. C. rang out, "first four forward," and they went. As nightfall approached the gay party began to disperse, and soon all were gone but three or four who partook of the hospitality of Judge W. for the night.

John Felham.

By JAMES R. RANDALL.

Just as the Spring came laughing through the strife,

With all its gorgeous cheer!

In the glad April of historic life

Fell the great cannoner!

The wondrous lulling of a hero's breath

His bleeding country weeps

Hushed—in the alabaster arms of death—

Our young Marcellus sleeps.

Grander and nobler than the child of Rome,

Curbing his chariot steeds,

The knightly seign of a Southern home!

Dazzled the land with deeds!

Gentle and bravest, in the battles' brunt,

The champion of the truth—

He bore his banner to the very front!

Of our immortal youth!

A clasp of saffron 'mid Virginia's snow,

The fiery pang of shame!

And there a wall of immemorial war

In Alabama's delta!

The pannon drops that led the valiant band

Along the crimson field!

The armor blade slinks from the nervous hand,

Over the spotless shield!

We gazed and gazed upon the beauteous face,

While 'round the lips and eyes,

Couched in their marble slumber, flashed

The grace,

Of a divine surprise.

Oh, mother of a blessed soul on high,

Thy tears may soon be shed!

Think of thy boy, with prayers of the sky,

Among the Southern dead.

How must he smile on this dull world beneath,

Favored with swift renown—

He, with the martyr's unassuming wreath

Twining the victor's crown!

STERLING LESTER.

When a man is stricken down suddenly

In the full vigor of manhood, his

death creates a different feeling from

that we experience when we learn of the

death of one who has lived his three-score

and ten and was ready to meet his God.

Sterling Lester, who died July 31st,

1860, when years of age he became

a resident of Greenville, S. C. When

29 years of age he moved to this State,

where he lived up to the time of his

death. He was an honest, generous,

true hearted man and devoted Christian.

He was universally respected in this

community, and it is not known that he

had any enemy in the world. He was

devoted to his family and spent the

greater part of his leisure time around

the hearthstone in the society of those

he loved best. He mixed but little with

the world, but came up to the full mea-

sure of his duties as a citizen. He bore

A Good Name.

A good name is above all price.

Have you not found it so—you

whose well known virtues have

placed you in a position which you

occupy with feeling of commenda-

ble pride? And you whose fame

has been the target of envious

tongues, have not you seen a good

name to be the only breast-plate

that is impervious to the shafts of

calumny; gold and talent, what

are they without character? A

light to render darkness visible;

a guiding, which, by contrast, makes

the substance more revolting. Cher-

ish it then, all ye who possess it;

guard it carefully—for, depend

upon this, its purity once tarnished,

the most unwearying efforts will

hardly restore it to its pristine lus-

tre. Let it attend you through the

journey of life, crowning your days

with peace and happiness. The

rectitude which won it will engrave

upon your face a letter of recom-

mendation to the people of every

nation and tongue. And when the

treasure is no longer needful to

you, it shall descend to your pos-

terity, a legacy with which millions

would bear to be compared. A

temporary advantage may be ob-

tained through knavery, and soon

lost; but a victory won by a good

name lasts forever.

The following "Romance of the

big fire at St. Johns, New Brun-

swick, is from the New York World:

An Ohio woman, Mrs. Mary

Hale, sent in a package of clothing

destined for the relief of the suffer-

ers, a suit once belonging to her

son, who had run away from home

two years before. In it she in-

closed a note to the following effect:

"These are the clothes which be-

longed to my dear boy, who, for

ought anyone except God knows,

may now be suffering in the burnt

city. May they fall into the hands

of some one who needs them, and

may some one else help my boy

when he may need it. It is need-

less to say that I trust that you

received the following letter:

"Dear Mother:—Your offering

and the letter inclosed came direct

to me, little as you thought they

would. I am very needy now, al-

though the old clothes, which are

so small, cover my nakedness.

John Felham.

By JAMES R. RANDALL.

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the strife,

With all its gorgeous cheer!

In the glad April of historic life

Fell the great cannoner!

The wondrous lulling of a hero's breath

His bleeding country weeps

Hushed—in the alabaster arms of death—

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The champion of the truth—

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Oh, mother of a blessed soul on high,

Thy tears may soon be shed!

Think of thy boy, with prayers of the sky,

Among the Southern dead.

How must he smile on this dull world beneath,

Favored with swift renown—

He, with the martyr's unassuming wreath

Twining the victor's crown!

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

No people in the world suffer as much

with Dyspepsia as Americans. Although

years of experience in medicine had failed

to accomplish a certain and sure remedy

for this disease and its effects, such as Sour

Stomach, Heart-burn, Water-brash, Sick

Headache, Costiveness, palpitation of the

Heart, Liver complaint, coming up of the

food, low spirits, general debility, etc., yet

since the introduction of GREEN'S AUGUST

FLOWER we believe there is no case of Dys-

pepsia that cannot be immediately relieved.

30,000 dozen sold last year without one case

of failure reported. Go to your Druggist,

Dr. W. M. NISBET, and get a sample bot-

tle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will

relieve you. Regular size 75 cents.

MURDER WILL OUT.

A few years ago, "August Flower" was

discovered to be a certain cure for Dyspep-

sia and Liver complaint, a few thin Dys-

East Tenn., Va. & Ga. R. R.

(BLUE MOUNTAIN ROUTE.)

SCHEDULE SUMMER 1877.

Leave JACKSONVILLE 1.02 P. M.

" ROME 3.30 "

" DALTON 6.30 "

" KNOXVILLE 10.48 "

" BRISTOL 4.48 A. M.

" Washington City 10.00 P. M.

Arrive, NEW YORK 7.00 A. M.

Two Trains Daily from Dalton.

Quickest Time. Lowest Rates.

Dalton to Washington, 89 Hours.

Dalton to New York, 37 Hours.

This is the only line reaching Western

Places of East Tennessee and Virginia,

and quickest and best line to Washington City,

Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and

New England Cities.

For further particulars, apply to

H. H. MARMADE, Southern Agent, Atlanta, Ga.

JAMES R. OGDEN, General Ticket Agent, Knoxville, Tenn.

R. S. RUSHTON, Agent, Dalton, Ga.

July 14, 1877.

"BLUE MOUNTAIN ROUTE."

Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad,

Taking Effect Sunday, June 3, 1877.

5:40 a.m. Leave Selma, Arrive 9:05 a.m.

1:30 " " " " " " " " " " " "

9:20 " " " " " " " " " " " "

11:22 " " " " " " " " " " " "

12:23 p.m. " " " " " " " " " " " "

12:31 " " " " " " " " " " " "

1:02 " " " " " " " " " " " "

2:11 " " " " " " " " " " " "

2:18 " " " " " " " " " " " "

2:25 " " " " " " " " " " " "

2:45 " " " " " " " " " " " "

3:30 " " " " " " " " " " " "

4:12 " " " " " " " " " " " "

4:30 " " " " " " " " " " " "

5:40 " " " " " " " " " " " "

Through Sleepers will run from Vicks-

burg to Lynchburg without change.

Connecting at Dalton with E. T. & V.

Ga. R. R. for Eastern Virginia cities, Vir-

ginia Springs, and with W. & A. R. R. for

Chattanooga and all western cities.

Close connection at Calera for Montgom-

ery, Mobile and New Orleans.

Close connection at Selma with Ala. Cen-

tral R. R. for Meridian, Jackson, New Orleans,

and Vicksburg, with good sleeping accom-

modations.

AGRICULTURAL.

HINTS FOR TO-MORROW.—Under this heading the *Scientific American* gives this good advice: "It is a good plan to keep a memorandum of work needed to be done, and then there is always a reminder for the employment of spare hours, and besides, we can readily direct which work is most pressing. Such a plan merely necessitates a sheet of paper, or a dozen blank books, and the entering of every item of work as it occurs to us. Thus: 'Pasture fence to be mended.' 'Apple trees to be pruned.' 'Outlet of drain to be deepened.' 'Bull to be rung.' 'Harness to be oiled.' 'Spoke loose in cart wheel.' 'Salt needed for stock,' etc., etc. Each evening, a glance at the list will be of great assistance in laying out the day's work for the next day, while it will also fill the spare time with useful work, if we desire to work. As fast as a piece of work is accomplished, draw a line across the item. It is astonishing how such a list will grow, and how it will formulate our work so as to enable us to systematize, and accomplish. It has also another point in its favor. After the plan is pursued for a certain length of time, the mind becomes so trained that the necessity for the plan diminishes." Such a memorandum may be very profitably connected with another under the heading of "Harness to be oiled." "Clear out water trough." "Clear out mows ready for harvest." "Mend pig trough." "Mend horse harness," etc., etc. Any one who has never tried either of these two plans will be surprised at the mass of small items which will soon accumulate, small as the most important is here when answered singly, but at the end of one day's application, yielding great results.

HENS ONE YEAR OLD.—The best laying hens are those one year old—fowls that were hatched the previous season in April and May. Hens two and three years old lay about 20 percent less eggs than those but one year old; consequently the best way for all fowl breeders is to raise chickens every season to be the layers of the next year; and to kill all the old stock regularly between December and February of each year. It is doubtful whether it is profitable to keep fowls without a run for them over grass land. A small yard with grass in it soon becomes soiled and the grass all picked off; and then the hens begin to lay fewer eggs, and the result generally is that there is no profit in fowls that are kept in a yard. The best nature of barnyard fowls to require a moderate run of some 20 or 30 rods from their roosting house, to keep them active and healthy by searching for insects. A half-acre yard would do well; but if confined in a yard 20 or 30 feet square they would not be profitable, unless their feed should almost entirely consist of the waste of the family table. From a bushel and a quarter to a bushel and a half of grain is consumed in a year by every fowl, at a cost of about one dollar, when the average egg is sold at 10 cents. The light Brahmas and Plymouth Rocks are given to them; and good breeds, such as the Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, Leghorns and Hamburgs, will annually lay each about 150 eggs, if not closely confined, worth in most places from \$3 to \$3. Then a family having 15 or 20 fowls, may have poultry to kill in the winter worth \$50 at least, by raising chickens and killing the surplus and the old stock as soon as they are stated; and thus poultry-keeping is certainly profitable. The light Brahmas and Plymouth Rocks are much better table fowls than the Leghorns and Hamburgs, the latter being small and chiefly valuable for laying.

WHAT DO WE STRAIN OUT OF MILK?—I had the opportunity recently of examining, under the microscope, certain minute brownish particles which were removed from milk by cloth strainers, after it had been strained through a gauze. These particles were determined by our village doctor, a man of no mean attainments in his profession, to be of *parental epithelium*, which must come from the interior of the udder. The straining-cloth was double, and a good many of these particles were arrested by the second fold. In addition to these epithelial scales, there were many minute, very minute hairs, so small that they were scarcely visible as a downy dust to the naked eye. Now, it is certain that the presence of epithelium in milk is a great indication of its quality, and it may be to changes unfavorable to high flavor in the butter. One to whom I spoke about this sees in these impurities an important sign of deterioration, and he would be actually "lying in the face of a beneficent Providence" to strain them out. This is only another argument in favor of the view that factory butter cannot really compete with that which is produced in the very best private dairies. Straining the milk as it is drawn, without question separates many of these particles, as well as the fine hairs, as it comes from the udder, so that their influence for good or ill is of but short duration.—*American Agriculturist.*

Hurry and "High Pressure."—It is the pace that kills; and of all forms of "over-work," that which consists in an excessive strain of effort, straining to the strength, and worrying to the will, hurry or all kinds—for example, that so often needed to catch a train, the effort required to complete a task of headwork within a period of time too short for its accomplishment by moderate energy—is injurious. Few suffer from overwork in the aggregate; it is too much broken down by little distresses out of twenty, which little distresses occur. Most sufferers bring the evil on themselves by driving off the day's work until the space allotted for its performance is past, or much reduced. Method in work is the great need of the day. If some portion of each division of time was devoted to the apportioning of hours and energy, there would be less confusion, for less "hurry," and the need of working at high pressure would be greatly reduced, if not wholly obviated. A great deal has been written and said of late, to exceedingly little purpose, on the subject of "over-work." We doubt whether what is included under this description might not generally be more appropriately defined as work done in a hurry, because the time legitimately appropriated to its accomplishment has been wasted or misapplied. Hurry to catch a train generally implies starting too late. High pressure is, says the *Lancet*, either the consequence of a like error at the outset, or a task, or the penalty of attempting to compensate by intense effort for inadequate opportunity. If brain is battered for business in this fashion, the goose is killed for the sake of the golden eggs, and greed works its own discomfiture.—*Littell.*

A good example is the best sermon. By steps we may ascend to God.—*Milton.*

SCIENTIFIC.

How to Do It, and How Not to Do It.—In walking through a workshop of the ordinary observer will almost invariably lead him to the conclusion that the accuracy of the capabilities of at least a large proportion of the workmen; and especially in the case in a large shop, where the work is done by so carefully selected as in small establishments, when there numbers are comparatively limited. There is something in the attitude, the interest taken in his work, the energy or dexterity, as the case may be, with which the expert workman handles his tools, which points him out as plainly as the awkwardness, indifference, or abstraction indicates his opposite; and what something is the pen of our artist has delineated far more plainly than words can express. Take, for example, the figure represented in "How to Do It" in the act of rough chipping, and it is observable at a glance that his mind is as his muscles are concentrated upon his work. We are very apt to cast a pleasant glow upon the past; and this is the cause of such success in the past, to look back at the work with regret, to the good old times; and to those who highly value mechanical skill, the days of the hammer and chisel were a golden age. The expert workman of the special machine workshop of these days would be altogether surprised to see the large amount of accuracy in the work of the old mechanic can perform with the hammer, chisel and file. There are, indeed, workmen still extant who would not hesitate to contend that they are equal in quality and surpass in quantity, upon some kinds of work, the capabilities of the ordinary vise hand driven with the assistance of a power plane and a power sander. Among this class of work the fitting in of brasses into ordinary pillow blocks may be instanced. And although, as has been said, the hand-workman of the good old times is not altogether extinct, he is not to be found in special machine shops, and he is being rapidly replaced by the where he commands nearly one third more than the average machinist's wages.

Moles.—A correspondent of the *Ohio Outlook* says: "There are two kinds of moles in this country—English and American. The English mole is rather small, with short, thick, blue fur; its feet are large, broad, and powerful, used in burrowing; its nose is also very strong, for the same purpose. It runs in burrows underground generally. I have seen it, when plowed up in corn fields, burrow under the loose soil rapidly, simply by the use of its nose, and then, when it has reached the surface, a dog can follow by digging. I suppose this mole hibernates in extreme cold weather, as I have not noticed it during the winter months. I would think for this reason that its food must be chiefly worms and insects, as these are all gone in cold weather. The American mole is about as large as a half-grown rat. Its fur is grayish brown on the outside, but blue close to the skin. Its feet are not so large or powerful as those of the English mole, and its runs are mostly on the surface of the ground, under grass, weeds, or rubbish. Its nostrils are extended beyond all other parts of the nose. Its smell is very acute, also its hearing, but its vision is poor, making it depend upon its smelling and hearing for its principal guides in the rapid pursuit of insects. The mole's mouth has, in the fore part, four long sharp incisors, two in upper, two in lower jaws, like the squirrel and other rodent animals. The back part of the jaw, at this season of the year, the teeth are flat and square, like the grain-eating animals—not so sharp, but more adapted for crushing. The double stomach, large and small intestines, etc., while the animal is entirely insect-eating, have a small and simple stomach, and scattered intestines save the esophagus and pylorus."

Children's Questions.—It is as natural for most children to ask questions as for them to eat. Indeed they seem perpetually hungry in mind and body; instead of diminishing their appetite for physical and intellectual food for the moment, and directing it to the healthful limit. When a child eats heartily, has perfect digestion, and sleeps well, we consider him in good physical condition, and accept his eager call for food as evidence of the soundness. In the same way his constant calls for information, and his curiosity to find out these things, are as natural and as healthy as the demand of physical food. We should accept the necessity of providing three meals a day, and as there is no use in complaining about it, the sensible ones should make no complaint, and do the best we can with resources at command. In like manner those who have children feel, or should feel, the necessity of supplying them continually with knowledge as they supply them with food.

The manner in which this is done varies infinitely. Some parents will patiently wait a day or two after the year, and answer word by word the questions of their children. This is a tax that no one who has not paid it can adequately appreciate. I think there is a better way than this, and that is, to child, and better for the parent. When Sir William Jones, the eminent Oriental scholar, was a boy, and perpetually asking questions of his father, he replied to them as, "Read and you know." But he took care to place such books as would lead him to explore for himself fresh fields of knowledge. So great is the number of juvenile books and magazines that the intelligent parent can much more readily than his son find the answer to a great many of his questions, and thus teach him to feed himself. It is well to keep the intellectual appetite keen in order that the digestion be vigorous and complete, and that this hunger is beneficial. If there is any particular direction in which it is desirable that the love for knowledge should be fostered, a little management will secure the end desired. As a special privilege the mother of a large family permits her children the occasional use of an astronomical globe and the atlas of the heavens, keeping these most of the time carefully put away. Curious to know about the stars, thus continually whetted, and thus questioning become more intelligent as their interest in the subject grows deeper. The principle of a stated number of meals a day is as applicable to the mental as to the physical stomach. Hunger is the best sauce for any appetite, and when one is fed it is desirable that the food he eats should stay by him till the meal time comes again. A child can by careful management be so occupied with his books or his toys that his questionings will be interrupted for a season, and his mother given a respite. But any way of quenching his curiosity is harmful.

It often happens that life is exceedingly comfortable to those who expect but little, and yet get all they can.

DOMESTIC.

DRESSING CHILDREN.—To rail at fashion is easy, and common. What strange devices she works and what ludicrous forms she fancies she some of the most intelligent of our contemporaries subscribe, become accustomed, pronounce them pretty and pleasing, then laugh at their grotesqueness when a little more intelligent. The worst—really troublesome, uncomfortable, unhealthful, and we should have independence and decision enough to cast them at once aside. Now and then she brings us a new and novel idea, which we should give her due credit and thanks—as, just now, the loosely fitted basques, so wholly new, tasteful and commodious; also the warm undergarments, without which, no lady is now considered dressed. Many wear and think preferable the emancipation or combination suit—drawers and chemise in one—but for myself I prefer separate under-wrappers and drawers, made from warm, soft flannel—the former cut long, to reach far below the waist and hips, the drawers buttoning over the knees also long and small at the ankles, making a pair of drawers reaching below the top of the boot. The ankle and calf are a much more sensitive part of the human frame than many people are aware of, and when covered by separate under-wrappers and drawers, made from warm, soft flannel—the former cut long, to reach far below the waist and hips, the drawers buttoning over the knees also long and small at the ankles, making a pair of drawers reaching below the top of the boot. The ankle and calf are a much more sensitive part of the human frame than many people are aware of, and when covered by separate under-wrappers and drawers, made from warm, soft flannel—the former cut long, to reach far below the waist and hips, the drawers buttoning over the knees also long and small at the ankles, making a pair of drawers reaching below the top of the boot.

TO KALSOMINE A WALL.—Buy the best bleached glue if the walls are to be of a uniform color. The glue is immaterial, so the glue is clean, and use it in the proportion of a quarter of a pound of glue to eight pounds of whitening. Soak the glue over night in enough water to swell it, and then mix with glue simply swells while soaking. Add fresh water, put it in a tin pail, and set that in a kettle of boiling water. When dissolved, stir into it the whitening, adding enough water to make a thick cream of the same consistency as common whitewash. It may be tinted to any color desired, and is applied with a whitewash brush. If the color is rubbed smooth in a little water, and then mixed with the wash, it will be more even. If the walls have been previously whitewashed, scrape away all that will come off, and wash with a solution of white vitriol, two ounces in a pint of water. The vitriol will bedecomposed, forming zinc white and plaster of Paris, to which the kalsomining easily adheres. 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THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

F. & L. W. GRANT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

For one year in advance, \$2.00

For six months in advance, \$1.00

For three months in advance, \$0.50

For one month in advance, \$0.10

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NO KISS?

"Kiss me, Will," sang Marguerite, To a pretty little tune, Holding up her dainty mouth, Sweet as roses born in June, Will was ten years old that day, And he pulled her golden curls, Tossing, and answer made: "I'm too old—I don't kiss girls." Ten years pass, and Marguerite Smiles as Will kneels at her feet, Gazing fondly in her eyes, Praying, "Won't you kiss me sweet?" "Rite is seventeen to-day, With her birthday ring she toys For a moment, then replies: "I'm too old—I don't kiss boys!"

Maude's Elopement.

BY EVA EVERGREEN.

Maude Stanwood was eighteen, pretty and willful—the two latter characteristics are very apt to go together in our modern specimens of femininity—and had been the radiating centre of numberless beaux ever since she could remember. But despite their sighs and protestations the little damsel's heart had remained obstinately closed, until one memorable day—far more memorable, indeed, than she could have dreamed of then.

Six weeks before, D— society had been thrown into a great flutter by the appearance of a gentleman who made his entrance into their very midst like a conquering hero, and was flattered, fawned, and courted accordingly. Nothing was known concerning him, save what he chose to divulge himself, further than that he came from that charming region, "the city," but his stylish attire, and general distinction, was sufficient recommendation in the eyes of the young people, and indeed in the eyes of the older ones, too.

He put up at the best hotel in the place, and initiated himself into public favor by at once joining the young men's "Literary and Debating Club," from whence he easily obtained introductions to all the young ladies of the place. From the first of their acquaintance, however, Mr. Reynolds manifested a strong and unmistakable penchant for Maude Stanwood, whose father was one of D—'s "solid men," and it was not long before she, flattered by his preference and the conquest she had gained over companions, found her heart becoming hopelessly involved.

One-half of her friends congratulated her upon the splendid conquest, and the other half, as was natural, was not a little jealous and ill-humored at the downfall of their hopes, but Maude was in a state of too blissful exaltation to mind that. There was one, however, who looked upon the matter with decided disapproval, and that was Maude's father.

At first he had taken no notice of the young man's attentions, or the consequent discussions his advent into the town had given rise to, but discovering at last that his addresses were becoming marked and significant, and that his name constituted the most frequent theme upon his daughters' lips, he felt it time to interfere. One afternoon, therefore, as Maude was about strolling forth for her accustomed walk, he called her into his study.

"I want to say a few words to you, Maude," he began, abruptly; "what do you know of this Mr. Reynolds, that the town is lionizing to such an extent?" The question took Maude by surprise, and the color swept in a scarlet wave over her face and neck.

"Know?" she stammered; "why, as much as any one else does."

"Exactly, and that is—nothing," returned her father, with a slight curl of his lip; "nothing, except whatever remarkable or romantic tale he may choose to invent, and which is readily accepted by our credulous town people. But it doesn't satisfy me, Maude. I must have more satisfactory knowledge of the man's character and connections before I would consent to receive him as my son-in-law."

"Papa—papa!" protested Maude, her face aflame; "the idea of—"

"That will do, Maude. You understand his intentions as well as I do, despite that assumption of pretty innocence; and I tell you frankly that, from my acquaintance with Mr. Reynolds, I am not at all favorably impressed with him. He is a thorough man of the world and they are not the kind to select country girls for their wives. I regret most keenly that you are without a mother to direct and advise you in this matter; but as it is you must be content to abide by my judgment. There are plenty of worthy men in this town without your taking up with one who may be a mere adventurer; so if Mr. Reynolds makes any matrimonial proposals to you just refer him to me, and I will give him an answer that will settle him I guess. That is all I wished to say."

Maude arose and silently left the room; to give vent, however, to her indignation, as soon as she was fairly out of hearing.

"All! I should think it was enough—quite enough! It's very nice for papa to sit there and vilify the only man I ever cared for. Plenty of others—as if I'd give a rush for any of them! And he an adventurer! Adventurers don't wear such fine clothes, and have plenty of money to spend, and be so accomplished as he is. I didn't think father could be so unjust and cruel!" and having settled the matter entirely to her own satisfaction, Maude started on her

walk—that walk which was to occasion such results.

Half way down the village was a pleasant lane running between some farm lands, shaded by trees on either side, whose projecting branches met overhead. It had been christened by the more romantic of the young people, "Love Lane;" and somehow Maude's footsteps had instinctively turned in that direction of late. She had just gained it this time, when she heard footsteps behind her, and as they drew nearer, she turned, with a conscious flush, to meet Mr. Reynolds.

For a moment, seized with a fit of sudden shyness, she would have hurried on; but, as if anticipating her purpose, he stepped forward and intercepted her.

"Don't run away, Miss Maude! Won't you permit me to share your stroll?" he said, with that easy, confident air, which seemed to substantiate his claim to being a person of importance.

"I don't know that I have any objections," Maude stammered, trying to laugh in order to hide her confusion.

"Thanks!" He walked on by her side for a few moments in silence, then bent a significant look upon her.

"They tell me that this pleasant little ramble is called 'Love Lane,' Miss Stanwood."

"Yes, some of our young folks called it so in sport, and the name seems to cling to it."

"And it has decided the future destiny of many a couple, I daresay," pursued Mr. Reynolds.

"I don't know but it has," admitted Maude.

"Shall I decide ours?" her companion said, bending his head suddenly to look into her tell-tale face; "say, Maude, shall we date our happiness from this auspicious place?"

Maude trembled and turned partly away from him for a moment, her father's words of disapproval and admonition yet ringing in her ears. But that young, impulsive girl is willing to believe anything detrimental to the man who has captivated her youthful fancy?

"Will you not speak, Maude?" Reynolds urged. "Look into my face, darling, and see how I love you, and tell me that you will be mine!"

His arm stole around her waist, his other hand held hers fast. Maude's foolish little heart beat like a trip-hammer under the magnetism of his presence. Everything else was forgotten, and with a low whispered "yes," her head sank on his shoulder.

"My darling! I will see your father at once, and have all settled without delay."

Her father! That set Maude trembling again. She disengaged herself, quivering nervously.

"What is the matter?" Reynolds asked. "Is there any doubt of your father's consent?"

"Yes," she faltered.

"I will try him, at all events," replied her lover, "and if he objects, we must take the matter into our own hands. Will Maude be willing to do that?"

"I don't know what you mean," she answered, faintly.

"Would you be willing to go with me where we may make our own home and fortune, or must we be parted forever?" he asked, bending his face to hers.

Parted! the thought was torture to the infuriated girl, and she murmured "yes," again, feeling willing to endure anything rather than separation.

"That is my dear, faithful girl!" He bent to kiss the trembling lips. "Don't say anything to your father until I see him, and if he refuses, why, then we'll seek our happiness elsewhere."

He walked on half way to the house with her, and then bade her good-by, again enjoining secrecy, while Maude went on and into the house, all in a tremor with her guilty secret.

A fortnight passed. Every day her father's demeanor toward her seemed more constrained and suspicious. The subject was not again alluded to; but at the end of that time, Reynolds, meeting her in the village, slipped a note into her hand. Half an hour later, in the seclusion of her own room, she broke the seal, and read the few lines it contained:

"DEAR MAUDE:—I have seen your father, and there is no hope for us; and as it is necessary for me to return to the city, you must go with me, or bid me farewell forever. If you will come, meet me to-night under the large chestnut tree near the old town road, at nine o'clock. If you love me, do not fail me."

In haste, "WALTER."

Maude read the note three times, and then raised her head, dashing the tears from her eyes.

"Yes, I will go, for I cannot give him up! Papa shall not stand between us!" and destroying the missive, she left the room and went down stairs, striving to hide her really heavy heart and conscience under an assumed cheerfulness.

She passed a sleepless night, her mind racked with conflicting emotions of self-accusation at the duplicity in which she was engaging, and vague apprehensions concerning the step before her. Everything seemed to favor her the next day, however; her father was away from home, and no restraint was put upon her actions. Toward afternoon, wearied out with the mental excitement of the past day and night, she threw herself into a chair, and fell into a troubled sleep.

But the decisive hour came all too soon; and stealing from her home like a guilty thing, she made her way to the rendezvous. A tall, muffled form awaited

her, and leading her to where a carriage and horses were standing, he lifted her in, and they drove off.

On and on they went in silence and darkness. For awhile the novelty of the thing diverted her attention, and then her conscience arose with renewed strength and power to reproach her for the step she was taking, and held before her eyes the dreadful consequences. At first she crouched in one corner of the carriage, too utterly wretched to speak, while the whole of her previous life seemed to pass in review before her. The thought of her mother, dead so many years; of her father, who loved her so dearly, and who had so often called her his only blessing; of his grief and anguish when he should return to his home and find her gone; and lastly the man into whose hands she had entrusted her welfare, and who was a comparative stranger to her. What had she done? What would be the consequences of this step? what could they be but misery and wretchedness? These questions struck to her heart like the point of a knife; and at last, unable to endure it longer, she turned to her companion, who was almost indistinguishable in the darkness, and who had maintained the same persistent taciturnity.

"Take me back, Walter!" she exclaimed, brokenly. "I was foolish—wicked! Take me back!"

"It is too late now," was the answer, as the horses quickened their pace; "you have chosen your fate; you must accept it."

"But where are you bringing me?" she moaned, as the full horror of her position seemed to burst upon her; "oh, heaven! what shall I do?"

Her companion made no reply, but only urged the animals faster. Another dreadful silence ensued, a period during which Maude suffered such agony as she never thought possible. Those few words seemed to have stripped the mask from her enslaver, and shown her the true character of the man into whose power she had in her wilfulness and folly betrayed herself. At last the carriage stopped, her companion alighted, and then lifted her to the ground; and as the action seemed to give her new vigor, she broke from his arms with an anguished cry:

"Oh, father—father! save me! where am I?"

"Safe in your own home, my child! Thank heaven that such a haven yet remains to you!" answered her father's voice. With a startled cry, she opened her eyes, to find herself lying prone upon the floor, from which he had bent to raise her, and giving utterance to a faint moan, the overwrought and utterly astonished girl sank fainting into his arms.

When she recovered her senses, her father was seated beside the lounge on which he had placed her, chafing her brow and hands; and when she would have spoken he prevented her.

"Let me speak first, Maude: you are too weak. I discovered your intended elopement, and learned, also, that this Reynolds was worse than I ever deemed him, and that the officers of the law were already upon his track. I have just returned with the intelligence of his arrest; but had it been deferred until evening, I had intended to meet you in his stead, and save my misguided daughter from the fate she would have incurred."

"Then I have not—"

"You have not left the safe haven of your father's home, my child; God grant that you never may," replied Mr. Stanwood gravely; "I have been watching you all this week, and marking every movement, and this afternoon as I heard the welcome news that the man who would have wrought your ruin was in the custody of the law, I hastened home, just as you cried out in your sleep, and springing from your chair, full to the door. You may tell me now, if you choose, what it was, but thank God it was only a dream, and not the fearful reality!"

For a moment Maude sealed Maude's lips; then with a burst of tears of mingled repentance for the folly, and gratitude for her deliverance from the fate which she could now realize so vividly, she confessed the whole.

"Then your heart was not wholly alienated from the father who would lay down his life, if need be, for your sake?" Mr. Stanwood said, as she finished, and he folded her sadly and tenderly into his arms; "he never asked my consent, Maude; and let this be a lesson to you, that any one who would counsel you to leave your home under such circumstances, would have no end in view but your destruction. Thank heaven for your deliverance, my child, and let it be a warning that you will never forget."

They talked together much longer, while Maude besought the forgiveness that was freely granted. Three years later she became the happy wife of a good man, sanctioned by her father's smile and blessing, and she never ceased to look back with gratitude upon that day when she was so mercifully spared the wretchedness and woe which could have been the only results of her projected elopement.

The best way to keep out wicked thoughts is always to be employed in some good ones. Let your thoughts be where your happiness is, and let your heart be where your thoughts are.

It is shameful for a man to rest in ignorance of the structure of his own body, especially when the knowledge of it mainly conduces to his welfare, and directs his application of his own powers,

A Lesson for Hard Times.

If one of the characters out of Dickens' novels had walked into the room, I could not have been more surprised. It was press day; I was very busy in my sanctum, when I heard the door open and a curious shuffling noise followed, which made me look up for a moment from my paper. It was but for a moment; I saw, as I supposed, a crippled beggar, shuffling his way on his knees toward my chair. I waved him away with my hand. "Nothing for you," I said resolutely, a little impatiently, possibly, and turned back to my desk, caught up the broken thread, and wound up the completed sentence from the editorial staff. But the beggar was not repelled. He answered something; with a divided attention I could not make out what. "Nothing for you," I repeated, somewhat more vigorously than before. The answer was plain enough this time, and in a tone that commanded attention: "I am no beggar, sir."

He was on his knees; his legs from his knees to his feet were useless appendages, which dragged after him and produced the shuffling sound which first attracted my attention. His whole body was disjoined; his arms alternately hung down like the wooden arm of a great toy, and moved about in a grotesque attempt at gesture—like the toy arm when the image is pulled by the string from below. When he spoke he wormed and twisted his head from side to side, and contorted his face with the vigor of his endeavor, as though the words were stored below and could be brought up out of a reluctant throat only by a wrestling and invincible will. But his eye was clear, and his whole face, when in repose, not unhandsome.

"I have got something to sell, sir, and it is no humbug, either."

Then I noticed for the first time a leathern bag slung over his shoulder. With a curious spasmodic twist he dove into it and brought out a tin box labelled Prof. ———'s soap; warranted to take out grease spots, etc. In this in every motion, his arms and hands and fingers made wild attempts before they succeeded in their purpose, like those of a three or four month's old babe, that has not yet come in possession of itself.

"What brought you into this condition, my friend?" said I, looking down upon him.

"I was born a cripple, sir," he said.

"But," he added, quickly, as though he saw some sympathy in my face, and would refuse it, "you must not think that I suffer, for I don't. I have no pain; it is only weakness; weakness of the spine, the doctor tells me, so that I don't have good use of my arms or legs or face. But I don't suffer. And I am not unhappy."

I could hardly look in his face while he was speaking, his endeavors were so distressingly labored. I rarely give to beggars; for that very reason I am always reluctant to turn away any one from the gamins who is sweeping the street crossing up, who is endeavoring to earn an honest living. I bought his patent soap and gave him the price—a quarter. He turned to go away; I should as soon have thought of offering charity to any other independent merchant as to him, but I stopped him with a question. It needed but a very little touch of sympathy to open his heart.

He told me his story:

"My father was a mechanic. I was always from my birth as you see me now. He supported me till I was 23. But I didn't like it. I wanted to be self-supporting."

I noted a curious feature in his language. It was that of one born in the lower ranks, but self-educated by courses of reading outside the literature of his companions. I thought this at the time; it was confirmed by a suggestive hint afterward.

"I told my father. He laughed at me. 'What can you do?' said he. I told him that he could not always support me; he must die some day, and he had no money. 'The Lord will provide,' said he. But that did not suit me. I resolved that if I could not have my own way I would run away."

There was something pathetically humorous in this picture of a man-boy of 28 running away on his knees from a tyrannical father who despotically insisted on providing for him. Whether he actually did run away or not he did not tell me and I did not ask him.

"I bought this recipe for soap. At first I hired a man to go around with me and take care of me, but that did not pay. Then I went to a hotel and hired a porter to dress and undress me. In the daytime I took care of myself."

All this and much more—for I am compressing a long story in a short one—with labored speaking, and labored listening, for it was always not quite easy to understand what was the word which the corkscrew brought up. Like an old clock it was broken, and always came up in fragments.

"I never expected to get married, for I never thought that any woman whom I would have would have me. But you know, sir, the old proverb, 'Every Jack has his Jill,' and I found my Jill. And I don't believe there's a man in this city that has got a better wife than I have. And don't you imagine that I am miserable, sir. It seems so to you because you judge me from your point of view. But I see many a rich man, and a strong man, that I would not exchange with them. I have my advantages, too. Society claims a great deal

of you; but it never claims anything of me. I am independent. And I enjoy life; because, don't you see, sir, I have nothing to do but to study how to enjoy it."

"Do you go to church?" I asked.

"Well, sir, I am a member of the Baptist church, but since I have moved away from the old church and gone among strangers, I don't go to church, for it might create a sensation, don't you see, sir?"

Well, yes! I did see. I imagined this creature shuffling up the broad aisle of a fashionable church, or even of an unfashionable chapel, and thought he showed consideration for the worshippers and the preacher.

"There is only one thing I want," he added. "I would like to get into a library."

"A library!" said I. "What could you do in a library?"

"Oh, as a member, I mean, sir," said he. "I would like to be able to get books out to read."

I took down his address, and with all the inimitable dignity of a gentleman he invited me to call. Then, with an apology for having taken up so much of my time, and an inquiry—for we had exchanged names—whether I was the "historian Abbot," he shuffled out of the door. I had hardly got to my seat and my pen in hand, before I heard him shuffling back again. He peered round the corner of the doorway, and with that curious Jack-in-the-box motion of his, held up three fingers.

"Third bell," he said, "ring the third bell," and he was off again.

And I sat down and thought of that poor woman who began two years ago by selling her thousand dollar piano, and the last week was found with her clothes and furniture all pawned, and her only dangled garment, the remnant of an old blanket, wrapped around her.

Thought of that merchant who eighteen months ago was contributing to the support of one of our great charities, and is now dependent on it for his family; and here is this cripple, without the right use of legs or arms or hands or voice, supporting himself and his wife,

Diaz is said to be growing popular in Mexico, and is re-establishing peace and order.

The working men of Ohio met in mass meeting at Cincinnati last Saturday and nominated a full State ticket for State officers.

Some of our exchanges are stating the vote of Calhoun county in the late election at 2,500. The total vote cast was 2,957. When a full vote is polled it will run about 3,000.

Hon. F. M. W. Holliday, of Winchester, has been nominated as the Conservative Democratic candidate for Governor of Virginia. The Macon, Ga., Telegraph and Messenger says: Colonel Holliday, a gallant Colonel in the Confederate service, in which he lost an arm; a lawyer in excellent standing; a man of fine talents and pure character, in the prime of vigorous manhood. We judge the Convention has been fortunate at this conclusion, and that it will harmonize the discord provoked in the fierce personal struggle between Mahone and Daniels, and reconcile all parties.

From all accounts the Indians are getting the best of every fight between them and the United States soldiers. Gen. Howard, that shining light of the Young Men's Christian Association, has proven himself an utter incompetent—much better at breaking a Freedman's Bank than an Indian column. On the 9th a fight occurred on Big Hole river, between the Nez Percés Indians and Gen. Gibbon's command, in which the soldiers and citizens of the command were badly whipped.

We do not know how this Indian war is to be ended, with honor to the Federal arms, unless the Government sends the Philadelphia militia to the scene of action, that invincible host Hartranft wanted to send against the White League of Louisiana, and which displayed such conspicuous gallantry in Pittsburgh during the riots. If the Philadelphia militia cannot end the trouble we may as well begin to make up our minds to turn the country over to Joseph and Sitting Bull. We believe, however, the Philadelphia militia can save the country this terrible alternative. Plushed with their victory over the Pittsburgh rioters, and the fame of their prowess going before them to terrify the Indians, they would end the strife in three days, after which, if necessary, they might turn to the comparatively easy task of squelching the White League and other traitorous organizations that might attract their attention in the South. Let them be sent; they thirst for gore, and the country needs defenders.

The Seveca Falls (N. Y.) Herald says:—It would seem that the most enterprising and hardest working journalists are the most entitled to public favor, yet our observation teaches us that they are the ones who receive the least. Men who make newspapers must spend much of their lives in performing deeds of gratuity; they must come and go at the beck and call of the people; they must air the people's grievances at their own cost; write up the sorrows and joys of others as well as their own, and ever be ready to espouse the cause and fight the battles of every aggrieved mortal in the land. The hard-working editor labors in season and out, to please his readers; spends sleepless nights thinking of editorial matter; reads paper after paper, gathering an item here and an item there of the latest news; constantly studying to suit the tastes of a fastidious public; but in the end, we think, he gets little thanks for his efforts, and the smallest remuneration for his services. He studies to make his paper readable and acceptable, and if he does so, he deserves success, and should receive the encouragement of the public. When people fail to appreciate the efforts and enterprise of hard-working and intelligent journalists, they should be deprived of the privilege of reading; and when politicians and political parties underrate or ignore proper and judicious editorial service, they make a grievous mistake. There is not in the whole profession a legitimate worker who does not pay five times over for every favor he receives, and there is no class of men that receive so little compensation for their services as the painstaking and laborious journalists.

New Beat Officers.

The following is the list of Justices of the Peace and Constables elected in the various beats in this county at the late election:—
Jacksonville.—D. P. Forney, J. J. Skelton, Justices; R. E. Riley, Constable.
Alexandria.—S. T. Peace, W. S. Neal, Justices; E. G. Lee, Constable.
June Bug.—W. S. N. Smith, W. F. Wells, Justices; J. A. Bonds, Constable.
Maddox.—J. W. Anderson, J. W. Clough, Justices; E. J. Haynie, Constable.
Folkville.—J. Y. Henderson, G. D. Medley, Justices; W. E. Meders, Constable.
Peck's Hill.—W. M. Cochran, J. C. Laney, Justices; J. R. Huffman, Constable.
Hollingsworth's.—H. A. Hollingsworth, J. J. Woodall, Justices; J. R. Huffman, Constable.
Allens (S).—W. B. Doss, W. J. Scott, Justices; Berry Cobbler, Constable.
Cross Plains.—D. L. Woolf, J. P. Whitlock, Justices; A. M. Kerr, Constable.
Rabbit Town.—J. C. Watson, J. M. Andrews, Justices; Henry Murray, Constable.
White Plains.—G. C. Williams, J. P. Ward, Justices; Jos. Hanks, Constable.
Devilsville.—D. Davis, J. R. Barnett, Justices; Coleman, Constable.
Oxford.—L. L. Allen, Ransom Williams, Justices; J. M. Hays, Constable.
Anniston.—J. B. McCain, W. A. McMillan, Justices; G. B. Skelton, Constable.
L. e county elected her entire Democratic ticket.

THE ELECTION IN OTHER COUNTIES.

What the Newspapers Have to Say About It.

HOW ALLOWING INDEPENDENT CANDIDATES BREAKS UP THE RADICAL PARTY.
Many arguments were brought to bear to convince straight-out-nomination Democrats of the independence of the vote of the negro he was free to vote as he pleased, and thus accomplish great good in the future. The proof of the pudding is in eating it, and we would like for the advocates of that doctrine to see in the vote polled on Monday, in this Green county, proved its correctness. The cloud and dust of the battle is over. The victorious Radicals—for no one even pretends to deny that the Radicals elected the independent candidates—are rejoicing over our downfall and anticipating more glorious results in the future. "Byrains was joined to his idols," and warning and entreaty were alike in vain. Will this shameful defeat prove sufficient? Will Democrats stand shoulder to shoulder in coming contests, or will stragglers, seeking booty, again cause the standard of our party to lie in the dust? With reverence we say it, God knows that for the crown of England we would not sell ourselves to the enemy of our country.—*Enterprise and Observer.*

COMBINATION OF RADICALS AND INDEPENDENTS NO GO.

From the partial returns received of the county election it is evident that the Democratic nominees are elected by a handsome majority, thus adding another link to the long chain of evidence that Democracy of Old Morgan is invincible and will triumph. With the exception of the candidate for Tax Collector, all the opposition to the regular nominees were independent men who have heretofore affiliated with the democratic party. Among their personal friends, and the Republicans, there was a desperate effort made to defeat the ticket, but the combination was too weak; Democracy, like an mighty tidal wave, carried the elements of Radicalism, and its new-born ally, Independentism, before it. The Democratic majority, though, is perhaps less than that given in the last State election, as many true Democrats for personal considerations voted for the independent candidates. At this box, where the Republicans have uniformly had more than one hundred majority, it was cut down nearly one-half, which leads us to believe that here, as well as at other places, the colored men voted the Democratic ticket.—*Declarator News.*

We congratulate the glorious white people of Macon county upon their magnificent victory over the combined forces of Radicalism and the traitorous Independentism. Nobly did they perform their duty, and will have their reward, a larger majority than ever before in Macon county, a total and overwhelming defeat of their enemies. And thus it will ever be, under similar circumstances. Never have the people been so thoroughly incensed and aroused, that men in good standing who went into the convention as candidates, and were fairly defeated, and pledged to support the action of the convention, and their friends also who were voted for as delegates, and went in honor to town to stand by the nominations, should have betrayed those who trusted them, and endeavored to cast the solid black vote of the county, which they thought stood ready to be used by traitors on demand, but they were sadly, woefully mistaken. An outraged people have spoken, and crushed out such a movement, we hope, forever. And hereafter the very word "Independentism" will be associated with every thing evil and disgusting in politics.—*Trojan News.*

The Democratic and Conservative party of Sumter has achieved another signal victory. Never before did it encounter opposition in so dangerous a form; (Independentism), nor more gallantly resist assault. We congratulate our party—and all the people of the county—upon the result of Monday's election. For we believe they have escaped a monster evil, the magnitude of which is fearful to contemplate. As it is, we shall have continued peace, good order and public confidence. But we are not disposed to exult over our late opponents. The leaders of the opposition have been our political friends, and stood shoulder to shoulder with us in many a hotly contested campaign. We cannot think they arrayed all means against their party, and deliberation, and with a clear conception of the tendency of their action; but hope that when the excitement of the contest has subsided, they will rather feel gratified with the result.—*Litlington Journal.*

REMEMBER.—Montgomery county is at last released from the entire Democratic ticket for county officers is elected. For the first time in long years this county will be under the control of men elected by the tax-payers and property holders. These selected are all men of character and ability, and the affairs of the county will be well and honestly administered.—*Advertiser.*

Now that we have carried our county by a large majority, we take pleasure in congratulating our people on the result. We have the staunchest Democrats in the State. Old Landreth never swayed or balked. Independentism may combine, they may use money and whiskey, but our boys can't be secured into voting the Pie Bald Ticket.—*Florence Gazette.*

The flat went forth on last Monday from the people of Shelby, declaring that it was their duty to elect a ticket that of its other self, Radicalism, has run its course in this county. That the time has come for it to trap the depravity of its couch around its attenuated form and lie down to perpetual sleep.—*Shelby Sentinel.*

The election last Monday in the strong negro counties of Dallas, Hale, Bullock, Marengo, Tuscaloosa, resulted in the complete overthrow of Radicalism and its twin brother Independentism. In Montgomery, the contest seems to have been close.—*Marion Communicator.*

In Mobile the "straight-outs" elected their candidates for Assessor and Collector, but their nominee for Sheriff was defeated by some 400 majority.

There is no doubt that the entire ticket of the Democratic party is elected. There is no opposition to any of the nominees except for County Treasurer and Tax Collector.—*Cosho County News.*

Clay county elected her Democratic nominees except for County Treasurer. Haynes, Independent, was elected over Manning, nominee, by a considerable majority.

When the Democrats of Danville had a jubilee on Tuesday night over the result of the election, Danville precinct, notwithstanding the independent element, gave the ticket a large majority.

We learn that the Independents and Republicans united on a ticket, and elected it in Madison county.—*Scottsboro Herald.*

Tallapoosa county elected the Democratic nominees. There being no nomination for County Treasurer, W. C. Cawley was elected over his opponent by a about 300 majority.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 14.—By the last military operations, the Balkan has a loss of 12,000 killed and wounded was inflicted on the Russians. The enemy have been driven from all localities south of the mountains.

LOYDGE, Aug. 14.—The Times Radical dispatch states that the Czar refuses to accept of Bismarck's terms.

The Russian army being strengthened rapidly, there is little chance of any serious action for more than a week. The Turks instead of acting with energy and decision are building more defensive works, and the strategists of all the Balkans have finally decided to stop short in their career, without operating beyond Balkans this year. Prince Charles has called out 12,000 Roumanian militia.

The Daily News Budapest correspondent telegraphs: "I have written the following as I received it, and from the terrible accounts which the fugitives continually bring over the Balkans, fear it must be only too true."

On July 31st, the day of the Russian evacuation of Baki Sagura, the Turks ordered all christians, men, women and children should be shot as they left their houses. The order was given to burn down and destroy every particle of Christian property. The destruction extended to other villages, in all about 60, containing from 150 to 200 families each. Scarcely 50 persons have escaped alive. Bulgarian fugitives estimate that from 12,000 to 15,000 Christians have been massacred.

The Constantinople agent says: From letters which have reached us, I have little doubt the Bulgarians are behaving in much the same way as the Bashibazouks. It will be impossible for Christians and Muslims to ever live together again in the disturbed districts.

The New York Herald correspondent at Athens, on the 14th inst., telegraphs that King George of Greece has expressed his determination to call out the second reserves, and will probably be mobilized by the end of the present month. There are already 8000 Greek soldiers in position along the Turkish frontier. War between Turkey and Greece becomes daily more and more probable unless Turkey withdraws the "Cassian" outbreaks from her provinces having Greek populations.

Public Lands in Alabama.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

The public lands of this land district will not be subject to private entry, for cash, until they are first advertised and offered at public sale to the highest bidder, at the Land Office, in Montgomery, Alabama.

The minimum price for land offered at public sale, or thereafter subject to private entry, will be \$1.25 per acre for land outside the six mile limit of a railroad having a government land grant, and \$2.50 per acre for land inside said six mile limit.

No land will be offered or sold for less than the above prices.

All the public land that will be offered and not sold at the public sale will then be subject to private entry, at the Land Office, for cash, at the above rates.

Parties who have settled and improved a tract of public land, who intend to purchase the same under the preemption law, should, within thirty days after the date of such settlement file with the Register of the Land Office a Declaration Statement, describing the land so settled, and declaring his intention to purchase the same under the Preemption Law; and he shall, moreover, within twelve months after the date of such settlement, make necessary Proof Affidavit and payment required by law. If he fails to do such thing, his Settlement, or to make and file at the Land Office such affidavit, proof and payment, within the several periods named above, the tract of land so settled and improved shall be subject to the entry of any other person.

The Land Offices at Montgomery, Alabama, are now prepared to receive Declaration Statement, filed by actual settlers on public land, who may desire to purchase said land under the Preemption Law.

Checks for making such Declaration Statements, transmitted on receipt of postage stamp.

A fee of two dollars must be filed with each Declaration Statement.

Parties of entry who intend to make no change having been made in the Homestead Law.

PERMAN J. ANDERSON, Register.

A True Statement.

The following statement is taken from a recent published letter written by J. R. Clinch, of Ohio. We commend it to the consideration of our Northern friends who desire to change their places of living:—

"It is a fact which I have ascertained after a careful tour of observation, that in every Southern State good, rich agricultural lands, capable of producing the finest and most profitable crops of cotton, rice, sugar, wheat, corn, oats, barley, and the most luxuriant fruits of temperate and semi-tropical zones, can be purchased for from \$3 to \$15 per acre, according to condition, location and market facilities. Indeed, I found some large land owners who agree to give good warranty deeds for farms of one hundred acres each to parties from Ohio or other Western States who settle on the farms and give them proper cultivation. The desire of Southern land owners and business men to have Western and Northern men bring their families, fortunes and skilled labor for the purposes of farming, gardening, stock growing, merchandizing and manufacturing, is really astonishing. Such would be everywhere most gladly welcomed.

"But innocent minded people of the North, who have been deluded by the malicious slanders and falsehoods of Morton, Blaine, and other politicians of that ilk, are fearful of insult and danger, with all that those words imply, should they cast their destinies in the South. A greater mistake was never made. During the past seven weeks I have traveled by railway, steamer, carriage, and on horseback, more than 4500 miles, through Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi and Louisiana; have talked politics with their Governors, Congressmen, and other magnates of distinction, and business with their solid men in Cotton Exchange and Boards of Trade,

have tasted fruit fit for the gods from the orchards, and drank the native and delicious Sappanong wine from the vintages of their celebrated horticulturists; have enjoyed of the elegant hospitality of the wealthy, as well as the substantial hock, and buttermilk of the poor; have, in a word, mingled with all classes of Southern people, and it affords me genuine pleasure to testify that during this whole tour I did not see any abuse, quarreling, violence, insurrection, or even an armed or a drunken man. On the contrary, I have been everywhere received with such a warmth of welcome, and such an outflow of generous hospitality that words are powerless to express my gratitude. Save in remote and thinly settled districts of Texas and Arkansas, there is absolutely less crime in the South than there is in the North. And this statement is verified by the official reports of the country."

Texas—The Soil, Health, &c.

A correspondent of the Sumpter (Ga.) Republican has this to say in regard to the "Lone Star State":—

"There has been so much said about Texas—in regard to the fertility of the soil, etc.—that I wish to say a few words through your valuable paper about this overrated and falsely represented country."

It has the most changeable climate in the United States. It is tolerably healthy, we admit, but not near as much so as represented. If you could see the valetudinarians that flock to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, you would agree with me that Texas lacked a great deal of being healthy."

I was as sound as a dollar when I landed in Texas. People asked me if I did not come from the mountains. They said that I was so healthy they thought I was raised on the mountains. I had not been there long, however, before these whom I met would say that I looked as if I was from a sickly country. I had to use medicine in a short time after I got there, and to my sad disappointment I found that instead of recuperating I was deteriorating. Two-thirds of all the laboring people have the rheumatism."

The soil is very rich—where it is rich—but it is like all other countries—it has poor lands and lots of it. It has been represented as a level, unbroken country, and as rich as the Mississippi bottom, with scarcely a poor spot in it. This is false. It is a hilly country, or the greater portion of it is; and contains as much poor land as I ever saw in any State, with scarcely enough timber on it for firewood for four years if it was all settled. They are hauling rails from three to twenty miles. Their water they haul in summer from ten to fifteen miles, and glad to get it that near. I am sorry to say that the water is of the poorest quality. Still they tell the people it is the best country in the world, and the climate as mild as Italy."

Now, my dear friends, who are preparing to move to Texas go and look for yourselves, before you sell your little homes in the "old States." I have known people forced to spend months of the most disagreeable weather I ever felt in a house without a door-shutter or chimney; others that were snow bound and had to lie up in their wagons for ten days. One reason why so many people take sick and die, after going to Texas, is exposure.

Don't believe what you see on paper. These glowing tales are gotten up by railroad companies and land speculators. Ask one of these men where he lives, and he will say in St. Louis or some of the old States. Now if this is such a good country, why don't they move to it? There have been more families broken up and more young men ruined by these railroad and land speculating companies than by any other class of men in the world.

Kind reader, you have my views of Texas. I ask you to look well to your footsteps. I love you. I am interested in your welfare, and I, as a true friend, advise you to remain where you are, if you can make a decent living, for that is as good as the best of farmers do in Texas.

State Agricultural and Mechanical College, AUBURN, ALA.

Next Term Begins Sept. 26th, 1877.

Five independent courses are taught—Agriculture, Literature, Science, Engineering, Surveying.

An excellent preparatory school is provided, with graded classes, free of tuition. English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Latin and Greek, thoroughly taught in this school. Special attention given to Penmanship and Grammar.

By a recent ordinance of the Board of Trustees, the following reduced rates have been established: Each Cadet from Alabama, or elsewhere, at the beginning of each term, or half year, must deposit with the Treasurer—Contingent Fee, \$5; Surgeon's Fee, \$2.00. Total College Fee per term, \$7.50.

EXPENSES PER TERM.

Board and Lodging..... \$40.50 to \$53.50
Washing..... 4.50 4.50
Fuel, Lights and Attendance..... 9.00 9.00
Surgeon's Fee..... 2.00 2.50
Contingent Fee..... 5.00 5.00

Total..... \$61.50 to \$70.50

Cadet Uniforms are furnished in Auburn at the lowest possible rate. Board, washing, fuel, light, and attendance are paid for at the beginning of each month.

For further information send for Catalogue. Address any member of the Faculty, or
Aug. 18—4m

University of Alabama.

THE FIRST TERM OF HALF OF THE ACADEMIC YEAR, 1877-'78 will begin Wednesday, October 3rd, 1877.

The discipline of the Academic Department is military. Cadets board and lodge at the University. Law-Students in private families.

At the beginning of each term or half-year, every Cadet must deposit with the Treasurer—

For Tuition..... \$20.00
Board and Lodging..... 50.00
Washing..... 7.00
Fuel, Lights and Attendance..... 10.00
Surgeon's Fee..... 2.00
Contingent and Library Fee..... 3.00

Total..... \$92.00

Every Cadet must furnish himself with a Cadet-uniform, which costs about \$35 per annum. The Trustees appoint three Students from each county to attend the Academic Schools remissum rank. For these appointments, application must be made to the Trustees residing in the Congressional District, to which the applicant's county belongs. Sons of Clergymen actively engaged in the ministry may enter the Academic Schools without charge for tuition.

Tuition Fee in Law Schools \$25 per term, payable to the Professors.

For further information, send for Catalogue or address.

CARLOS G. SMITH, President.

University, July 16, 1877—4m.

DENTISTRY.

H. D. BARR

WISHES to inform his patrons and the public generally that he is prepared to do all kinds of Dental work, which he will guarantee.

Full upper set Teeth..... \$20.00
" lower "..... 20.00
" upper & lower "..... 35.00

Partial set..... 10.00
Gold fillings, each..... 2.00
Silver, Rubber, Bone, Tin fill, each..... 1.00
Extracting teeth, each..... 1.00

No charges for extracting teeth when artificial teeth are inserted.

He uses the best and latest improved materials. Prompt attention given to people at a distance.

Office at..... H. D. BARR, Surgeon Dentist, Oxford, Ala.

Special attention given to extracting and filling on teeth.

Aug. 4, 1877—4m.

RICHARD WALKER, Barber and Hair-Dresser.

FIRST corner of Madison & Park's Families. Give him a call and he will guarantee perfect satisfaction with his work, complete and fashionable work.

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Jacksonville Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 2106.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:

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Not paid in advance 3.00

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THIS.

She lives in the smoky city,
Down by the railway line;
She asks for no man's pity,
Nor cares for voice of mine.

She's moving hither and thither,
And often her work is hard;
But sometimes in the weather
She rests a bit in the yard.

With the empty pail behind her,
She leans her arms on the wall,
And hopes that there he'll find her,
Her lover, strong and tall.

Up in the air above her,
The great trains outward go;
And many a lass and her lover
May journey to Jericho.

But when he stoops from his doorway
And leans his arms on the wall,
The world would be in a poor way
If that were not best of all.

Both Her Boys.

CHAPTER I.

"I will take care that Archie doesn't make a mistake, or lose either his head or his heart to me. You have no confidence in me, Rupert, no love for me, or you wouldn't hurt my feeling by hazarding such a proposition."

"I more than love you—I worship you," he answered warmly; "but I love my brother too."

"Then cease to wrong me by being jealous of him," she said, coldly; and, for the first time since the existence of their understanding, she left him angrily, and would not even give him the parting kiss of peace he craved for.

He added to his uneasiness this day, when his mother—always on the alert when her boys were concerned—spoke to him about his brother. "Has it struck you that Archie is getting fond of Kathleen?" she began, and his whole frame trembled under the first shock of definite, realized jealousy, as he answered:

"I hope not, fonder of her than he has been all his life, with all my heart and soul."

"But, my dear boy, why so vehemently opposed to the idea? Even your father, who was unreasonable on the subject years ago, long before I troubled my head with the thought of marriage in connection with either of you—even your father seems well enough pleased now."

"Well pleased with what?" asked poor Rupert in agony. "Has it come to this, that you've talked about it—that there is anything to talk about—while I have been kept in the dark?"

"I can't help seeing that they are very much attached to each other. I have not spoken to either of them yet, but we all must see how very much attached they are," his mother replied.

"Then Heaven help me," Rupert said in a tone of bitter misery, throwing himself down on the sofa by his mother. "Mother, you may as well know it now. There's deception all around; she has promised to marry me, pretended that she loves me! Good heavens! how can such an archdeaconess have grown up in your pure, truthful atmosphere?"

CHAPTER II.

"My boy, my Rupert! I may be mistaken. I must be mistaken," poor, bewildered Mrs. Baylon cried. "Our Kathleen could never bring herself to cause such misery; but, why wasn't I told? No, she can't have acted so basely, and I've wronged and misjudged the girl I loved as a daughter. It's just a sister's love she's giving to Archie, and perhaps he's in her secret, and—oh my boy don't fret!"

The mother was powerless to combat his grief, or to assuage it in any degree. These sons had been her joy and comfort all their lives, and now when trouble fell upon one of them for the first time, she could do nothing to aid him to bear it, nothing to lighten the burden to him! Such trouble too! If it had been brought upon him by any other man, she might have been able to counsel him how to bear it. But to have fallen on him through his brother's agency! They were both her boys and she loved them both better than she did her own life, and now one could only be happy at the expense of the other, if her fears were true.

If her fears were true! There was still a doubt about it. She arose from her bed and lifted his bowed head from her bosom, and bade him take courage, and have faith in Kathleen still. "I'll go to her at once, Rupert. I'll tell her that my son couldn't keep his foolish secret any longer from his mother, and Archie shall hear directly that he hasn't tried to engross his brother's bride, be hopeful, my son!"

"You speak more hopefully than you feel, mother; I've shut my eyes to the danger, because it was too ghastly and mean a one for me to bear to contemplate it. But now you've seen it and spoken about it, and I know I've been betrayed; but Heaven knows it's not Archie that I blame. He knows nothing."

Mrs. Baylon determined to go to Kathleen. She would not compromise her charge by implying even to Archie, that the girl had been less discreet than it was well his brother's promised bride should be. So she sought Kathleen;

and found her in her own room, doing nothing and looking sad.

"You have come to scold me," she cried impetuously, jumping up and putting her arms around Mrs. Baylon's neck. "Don't do it yet; I'm so sorry. I'm so frightened!"

"What about? Make a clean breast of it, Kathleen," said Mrs. Baylon, softly. "I may have to scold you afterwards, but I'll hear what your trouble is first."

"You'll forgive me, whatever it is," "Stop a moment, dear; instead of scolding you or hearing your confession, I'll make everything easy for you by telling you that Rupert has taken me into his confidence, and that I congratulate my adopted daughter on the engagement of my eldest son."

Mrs. Baylon tried to speak cheerfully, but her heart was beating thickly with apprehension of what she might be called upon to hear.

The girl flinched and blushed, and finally asked:

"You say it as if you wouldn't have congratulated me if you had heard of my engagement to your youngest son."

"Ah, Kathleen, remember they are brothers, and love each other so well." "You do know—you do suspect something more than Rupert has told you," the girl said eagerly. "Oh, love me still, help me, I am so unhappy; I kept the secret as a joke at first, and then Archie came home, and—now I dare not tell him."

"Then it is true he loves you too," the mother panted. "Kathleen, child, that I have loved so, what have you done? Heaven help them! both of my sons deceived by you! Why have you snubbed me through them? In this way? Their happiness has been the only thing good that I've had in my life; couldn't you leave it to me?"

She had put away the girl's clinging, clasping arms as she spoke, but Kathleen would not be repulsed. She had worked mischief and misery for want of thought, not want of heart, and it galled her to the quick to be repulsed and treated coldly.

"Don't push me away from you," she pleaded. "Rupert would be kinder than that, and it's for Rupert's sake you hate me now; you don't care for Archie's pain; he loves me too, and he will have to lose me, and I will have to teach him to despise me—and oh, no one will pity me."

"I will pity you, I will try to help you, if—if only you'll be truthful, if you'll only try to mend the mischief; you must not use Archie again. I knew he couldn't have wronged his brother knowingly. I knew he was ignorant. My boys are gentlemen, and they have always loved each other and given each other their due. Archie must be spared as much as possible. Kathleen, but not at the expense of his brother; you are pledged to Rupert, and Archie must bear his disappointment."

"You'll teach him to hate me," the girl interrupted; "let me see him once, only once, and tell him of my fault myself; that will be punishment enough for me; let me see Archie once again."

"My sons are gentlemen," the mother repeated proudly; "there will be no danger in what you ask; they will both renounce you if you go with your heart to one, while you leave the promise of your hand with the other; what has made you do it, child? Why have you played at love with nature's son much finer than your own, when it was only vanity actuating you?"

"No, no, no!" Kathleen cried, falling down on her knees, "not vanity when Archie is concerned; I love him, I love him, and he will never know it— isn't that hard enough? You only feel for Rupert!"

"And you only for yourself," Mrs. Baylon said sternly. "There shall be no discussion made between my boys; if Rupert can trust you after this, I'll not interfere, but Archie shall not see you and be worked upon by you; my son is but human, and though I think it impossible, you might teach him to be untrue to his brother and himself. Leave him his honor, if you have robbed him of his happiness."

"You have no care for me," the girl wailed; "I have loved you all so much, and you all come to hate me, and though I may deserve it I shall feel it hard all the same. I never meant to do you harm. I never knew it was real harm until to-day, when Archie said a word or two that showed me that the end was come. Kiss me and forgive me, mother. I may lose you all, and the worst that may happen to you is that you may lose me, and as I'm such a doubtful blessing, that may be the best thing that could be."

What could Mrs. Baylon do but "kiss her and forgive her." "Evil can't come through her," the too partial friend thought as she caressed the girl's bent head; "but there must be no more secrets, no more folly, dear," she added aloud, and Kathleen, relieved from her fear of being further reprehended just at present, sprang to her feet joyfully, and gave every promise that was asked of her.

"Rupert need never be troubled about Archie," she finished up. "Go back and tell Rupert that the engagement shall be made public immediately, and then he'll understand there's no difficulty as for Archie."

She paused, and Mrs. Baylon asked anxiously:

"Yes, what of my other boy?" "He'll never make a sign, I'm sure of that," answered Kathleen, proudly; "if I'd behaved three times as badly as I have, Archie would never blame me; never seem to think me wrong. We can

all trust him—you to spare his brother's feelings, I to spare mine."

"And may it all end well, and be a warning to you, Kathleen," Mrs. Baylon said wearily. "I am trying to think hopefully about it. I'm trying to believe that all my children will come unscathed out of the trial." But, though she said this and so tried to cheer the girl, who was crushed by the consciousness of her error, or perhaps by the consideration of its consequences, Mrs. Baylon's heart misgave her sorrowfully, and for the first time in their lives she shrank from meeting her sons. It seemed to her that if Rupert could be thoroughly satisfied with Kathleen for his wife after all this, that she (his mother) could never be thoroughly satisfied with him, and this, to a woman who completely identified herself with the interests and hopes and disappointments of her children, was a disheartening conviction.

Through the long hours of this day the two women kept apart from each other, each bearing her special burden alone according to her special lights. Mrs. Baylon characteristically confined herself in striving to mature some plan by which she could keep the peace, her children happy, and still more outrage her own conscience. Kathleen occupied herself equally characteristically in arranging how she could place her conduct of the last few days before them all in such a pleasant, pretty light that they would go on regarding her as the blameless, bewitching, always-to-be-forgotten idol of the household that she had been from her little childhood. And the two young men spent their time in avoidance of each other, in distrust of themselves, their mother, and above all, of the girl who had introduced the element of discord into their lives.

It was not a happy party that sat down to dinner at the Court that evening. Even the Squire remarked that there was something wrong, and in his grim and uncouth way made matters worse by discoursing about them. Rupert was grave but not gloomy, for his mother had given him Kathleen's message, and he had resolved to trust her as before, and to love her more than ever. As for Archie, he was neither grave nor gloomy, but that he was excited and uncertain his mother saw with pain, and intuition taught her that Kathleen had held some communication with him in spite of her promise to the contrary.

As for Kathleen, she only volunteered one remark. And that was to the effect that it was a "fine, bright night, and that the avenues in the north plantation were always at their loveliest when the snow was on the ground, and the moon was up."

Time did not fly any faster when dinner was over, and the family party had adjourned to the drawing room. Kathleen seemed to recover her spirits, but her spirits led her astray. It seemed to Rupert, for he feared to keep her near him a single moment. When he went to her at the piano she broke out into tender song, and went on pouring out uncertain strains of music so waveringly and inharmoniously that even the sleepy master of the house roused himself to express a hope that she would do her practising in the morning in the future. Archie buried himself among the cushions of a sofa and the pages of a novel, but once he rose to put another candle on the piano, and as he did so muttered:

"Keep your promise; this state of things can't go on."

They kept early hours at the Court. At ten Archie said good-night to them, and when his mother asked him if he meant to go out in the bitter cold to smoke his cigar as usual, he replied, "No, his bedroom fire would be the divinity he should worship to-night, the cold star-light." And she kissed his hot forehead, and blessed him, and bade him sleep well; and so he went out.

"Good-night, old fellow," the brothers said to each other, simultaneously, and Rupert followed Archie half-way to the door with extended hand, but Archie did not see him. Then Rupert turned to his love, and whispered:

"It's all clear before me, my own, may I tell my father now? We will never have a secret from our nearest again, Kathleen."

"Tell him when I'm gone to bed, and I am going to bed now; I'm tired, I'm worn out," she said, impudently; "my little concealment has been put before me in the light of a crime to-day. Rupert, let me go and recover my faith in myself."

She rose as she spoke, and stood irresolutely before him, and his mother watched them with a faint smile, and a still fainter heart.

"Tell him to let me go, mamma," Kathleen said presently, with weary pettiness. "I will be as obedient as a slave to the voice of my owner, after to-night, but just to-night I am a slave to nervousness. Tell him to let me go."

A sob broke her voice, and filled with pity and fear for them both, his mother said:

"Let her go, my boy," and when Kathleen availed herself of the liberty with alacrity, and flew out of the room, the poor lady added:

"Heaven direct you in what you do, Rupert, and teach her to reward you." "And teach her to love me better," was his mental addition to his mother's prayer, poor fellow, as he finally went away, half hoping that Archie might have altered his mind, and gone into their common smoking-room.

But Archie was not there, and the room was cold and dull without him. A comfortable old room it was in itself, too, and endeared to him by a thousand associations connected with his happy boyish days of free, loving, unfettered intercourse with Archie and Kathleen. Would that intercourse were free and unfettered again, he wondered? That his brother's love for Kathleen been nipped in the bud soon enough, and effectually enough for their respective barques to float serenely over the sea of family life for the future? All that must depend on Kathleen, he reminded himself. If she had the tact and truthfulness, the grace and generosity which he believed her to have, it would all be well.

He had been standing at the window as these thoughts passed through his mind, looking down into the north plantation, which looked a mysterious, uncomfortable place enough in the cold starlight. Presently he remembered Kathleen's words at dinner about the avenues being at their loveliest when the snow was on the ground, and the moon was up. In a moment he had opened the window and gone down to the edge of the belt of trees. A step or two more and he was under their black shadows, and then he looked back at the light in his mother's window, and saw the reflection of her figure moving about the room; and, half unconsciously, he longed the more for happiness in his marriage, in order that a portion of the reflected brightness of her children's lives might pass in his mother's.

"It's late in the day for her to begin to enjoy herself," he thought, "but it will be more perfect enjoyment to her than she's ever known if all goes well with Archie and me."

The thought hardly crossed his mind when whispering voices caught his ear. A woman's form rustled in the bushes close to him, and he saw his Kathleen standing with her head on a man's shoulder—that man's arm encircling her. In an instant he was by her side—speechless with grief and shame, and outraged love and trust: he was unrecognized, and Archie's startled instincts caused him to raise his hand and strike the invader a heavy blow.

He recoiled and fell, and when they bent over him and shrieked his name in their horror and fear, no answer came, for the sharp edges of a jagged stump of a tree had cut into his brow, and it was a dead heart Kathleen tried to convince of her fidelity, in spite of appearances.

His mother believed Archie, when he knelt and told her he was innocent of the great offense of raising his hand knowingly against his brother—believed, and loved him, and suffered for him, even as she loved and sorrowed, and suffered for, and lamented Rupert. But Archie had to take his trial in spite of her faith in him, his trial by the laws of his country—that was soon past. The trial that was never over, was his vivid remembrance of how his brother's life and his own honor had been sacrificed.

He never renewed his wooing of Kathleen, indeed, he never saw her again after that day of the inquest, when she was dragged before the jury to give evidence against him. When it was all over, he left the service and the country, leaving his mother to take care of the broken, penitent girl, who had been the cause of robbing her of both her boys; and Kathleen knew that there was justice in his course, though there was little mercy in it.

Eve's Tomb.

The Arabs claim that Eve's tomb is at Jiddah, the seaport of Mecca. The temple with a palm growing out of its center is supposed to mark the place where Eve's head rests, and a domed mosque is believed to be exactly over her womb. According to the Arabs, the lady measured about two hundred feet in height, but, judging by the dimensions of her tomb, it would seem that the Ishmaelites much underrated her real length. Arabs, however, are very bad judges of distance, and nearly always have a horror of telling the truth. The sacred ground, which is pretty thickly studded with tombstones of departed sheikhs and other worthies, is inclosed by a high white wall; a few small shrubs and aloe plants struggle for existence among the gravestones, and close to the domed mosque is a tree growing over some great man's grave, which is surrounded by railings. There are many legends and superstitions concerning this celebrated place, but I had not time to collect any that would be worth relating. It is visited by numerous pilgrims. "Backsheesh," of course, is in great request by the well-dressed Arabs as well as the ragged. Jiddah is a clean, fine looking town—at a distance, but on a nearer approach the illusion will be dispelled, and many aromas (not of ambergris or burned sandal wood), powerful as soap factory assails the nose. This gets worse as one lands, but there is no time to waste thinking of such a trifle, for a sharp watch has to be kept on the mangy, ophthalmic dogs, who amuse themselves by barking and snapping at the legs of any one who makes use of soap and water. At night it is necessary for Europeans to carry a light and a good stick, a well-planned blow from the latter doing wonders in warning off dogs.

Seek for an established judgment. Some persons are so unsettled that every wind blows them down, like loose tiles from the housetop.

Importance of Leaves.

About the time that everybody had the grape fever some genius proposed as an invaluable discovery, that the leaves should mostly be plucked from the vines, "to let in the sun you know" on the clusters of fruit. Straightway many of our cultivators swallowed the bait, and later they had ruined utterly both fruit and vine. Summer-pinchings of fruit trees acts some what in the same manner, when practiced to excess; in fact any operation tending to defoliate our trees should be carefully performed and only when absolutely necessary, which, I am old-foggyish enough to believe, seldom happens. Many of the diseases that effect our trees either originate on the foliage or become apparent there, owing in a great measure to their delicate organization and the vital relation they bear to all other portions of the tree itself. Without healthy, vigorous foliage it is utterly impossible to produce good fruit, in fact poor fruit may be traced back to a disordered condition of the foliage or else to some disease in the tree which is only apparent in the leaves.

The usual pear-blight, that terrible scourge which works so mysteriously first becomes apparent to the common observer in the withering leaves; but even before that stage of the disease we can always notice, and by the aid of an ordinary magnifying glass readily detect, a peculiar unhealthy appearance on the bark. On the contrary, however, the peculiar spot on the pear leaf, which plainly signifies an unhealthy condition of the tree, is due to the presence of fungi, and may very easily be examined under a strong lens. Whenever this is the case, weak growth and imperfectly developed fruit are the consequence. One need not go beyond the foliage to detect the ills that beset the health of all our trees; for should these organs be large, perfectly developed, and of a rich green color, nothing more will be required. We know to a certainty that all within is well, just as positively as does a physician who detects the presence of disease in his patient by the usual outward evidences. Leaves are more useful in the economy of the plant's life than we have been accustomed to think.

We know that during the season of apparent rest in the plant leaves are mostly wanting, there is no apparent growth of their services, but the moment growth begins the formation of leaves is coeval therewith. Not alone to the roots is accorded the principle of gathering sustenance for the tree's life, although very many cultivators appear to think so. Provided the soil is thoroughly enriched, in their judgment everything necessary to sustain life has been accomplished; and yet the elements of nutrition contained in the atmosphere are of great advantage in the economy of nature. Certain localities are injurious to plant life, as for instance the smoke and gases incident to most large cities; on the contrary, it is a well-known fact that the atmosphere in some sections is highly nutritious to vegetation, and all else being equal, the growth of plants in such will be greatly in excess of others where the atmosphere is essentially different. Again, every florist is well aware of the importance of a proper atmosphere for the development of plants; how that some especial standard for heat, light, and moisture must be observed for each class of vegetation, if success in culture be secured.

All this is owing to the effect produced by the action of the foliage. While some genera, or even species, greatly prefer a very humid atmosphere, others would sicken and die under such treatment. Plants of a delicate nature seem to require a perfectly dry air in which to grow, or, at least during the winter season, and a majority of them, while resting, prefer a cool temperature, and vice versa with others. The microscope very interestingly points out many solutions to problems that would otherwise baffle us in our investigations. On the inside of the leaf in our fruit-bearing trees, as in most others, there are numerous apertures, called stomata, breathing-pores, which are for the purpose of allowing the exhalations of plant to escape, and as these use little organs are not exposed to sun's rays (in our fruit trees), excess of evaporation does not take place, the skin or epidermis on the upper side being as a preventive. Gray has recorded that each leaf of the apple tree has in far from 100,000 of these openings, in months.

The organic food or elements of plant life are for the most part taken into system of the plant through the roots, whence they are distributed throughout every portion of the structure. As water is composed of two elements, oxygen and hydrogen, the leaves act a very important part in supplying the plant with food. But the remaining element, carbon, in form of carbonate acid, plants are indebted almost entirely to their leaves, and to this very fact is the animal kingdom indebted for the pure air it breathes, thus preserving the beautiful balance in nature. While vegetation exhales oxygen which we inhale, it absorbs carbonic acid which we excrete. This is but one of the many interesting and useful studies, which it would well for our cultivators to study before beginning their experiments.

Much of the charity that begin home is too feeble to get out of door mail 77.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it. No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

It is only those that have done nothing, who fancy they can do everything. Contentment makes one happy and rich as the greatest king.

It is with love as with apparitions. Every one talks

A Bloodthirsty Bird.

The red-headed woodpecker is pronounced to be a carnivorous bird by a correspondent of Naturalist, who relates the following incident as having occurred in Humboldt County, Iowa, last summer: "During that summer a friend related a large number of black Crows had been seen to pick at the brains of birds. He was noticed that while the birds were still very young many of them disappeared, one after the other, and the bodies of several were found with the brains picked out. On watching carefully to ascertain the cause, a red-headed woodpecker was caught in the act. He killed the tender duck with a single blow on the head, and then picked out and ate the brains. Though my friend was an enthusiast in protecting the birds, and expressed that same about his premises, this provocation was too much. The woodpeckers were speedily shot."

block and a net, and these must be all made of wood. Cows, which is the national talent, *par excellence*, does not exist for him. In the morning he has soup, cheaply compounded of hot water, in which float a few scraps of rusty bark, and a few pieces of peas, and a few raw potatoes; and if there is any high soup to satisfy his hunger, he finishes with meat with dry bread and cold water *ad libitum*. At noon he dines on potatoes, followed by a small occasional portion in his perennal dinner. A Russian makes a salad or clotted milk. He never eats wine or meat, except during harvest and harvest, when he has a little bit of salt pork and a modest allowance of wine. A Russian is fond of water. Among the peasantry many of the old superstitious are still prevalent. Between husband and wife there is little love, but there is also little hate. The husband may and may not accidentally turn and be helpful to one another. The children grow up in this cold home, under a rigid patriarchal discipline, in which personal chastisement is the rule, and the wife, who is continually on the verge of divorce, is in town life, however, the tendency is toward change; the children now are in the course of being educated; and the young men, although still, are not so much as their fathers were. They smoke, heedless of the expense, a degree of extravagance which their stoic ancestors would have most sternly decried; and in the train of tobacco the commoner classes are now following their way into the homes of the peasants.

They who do nothing are in the reality they do that which is worse than nothing.

Besides yielding this valuable ingredient the camphor tree is one of the principal timber trees of China, and is used not only in building but in articles of furniture. The wood is dry and of a light color, and although light and easy to work, is also durable and not likely to be injured by insects.

formed at taverns are the merriest," replies the Aaron. "At daylight the merry carousers retire home. Judge, for what I have now said, whether a better gentleman has not as much to lose him in London as at Paris and Rome. Believe me, that they who say that this city is too melancholy for them say so to give themselves an air."—*The New York Times*.

the pioneer of the business. The press of the country was a small interest compared with that at now, and there was very little systematic advertising being done. It was Mr. Stengell's idea to bring about an understanding between the business men of the country and the publishers: to show the advertiser that legitimate newspaper advertising was the easiest and best way of bringing his wares before the public; and the publisher, that in proper way he should regard the interests of the advertiser. He then

SHOE AND SHOE HOUSE
HAS REMOVED TO
S. W. Cor. Second and Vine Streets,
where you can still get full value for your money.
Men's Fine Boots.....from \$2.00 to \$4.50
Men's Canvas Gaiters.....1.25 to 4.00
Children's School Shoes.....75 to 1.50
Full line of Ladies' Misses' and children's
shoes at extremely low prices.
Agency for Rubber Boots & Shoes.
E. W. MORRISON, JR.

GENUINE SWISS MAGNETIC TIME-RECORDING
Address, Magneto Watch Co.,
CHAMBLAND, MAINE

This is your ONLY OPPORTUNITY to obtain this beautiful premium, **ORDER AT ONCE**
This offer will hold good for today.

HEAVEN HELPS THOSE WHO
help themselves. The
will help you to get the most out of your life.

[illegible]

The annual session of the North Alabama Conference of the M. E. Church South, will meet at Gadsden, beginning November 1th. Bishop J. C. Keener, will preside.

The Injuns are still after Brother Howard. The last heard of the Nez Perces, they had gone to the stage stations, taken charge of the stables along the route, and were recapturing their stock. Brother Howard keeps telegraphing that he thinks he will find them, but he never will as long as he has better stock than Joseph's band.

Hayes and a portion of his cabinet are "around the circle" in New England, making speeches, wining and dining; and old Keys is managing to make an immense ass of himself by talking of the "erring southern brethren," and asking Puritan indulgences for them. Keys is not a representative Southern man; no dirt-eater can be.

The Washington Republican (loyal) brings some grave and serious charges against the private secretary of Sherman; among other things alleging that his wife accuses him of trying to induce her to sell herself to influential men for gain. That such a creature should be permitted to remain in confidential relationship with the head of a Department of the Government is enough to damn an Administration much stronger than Mr. Hayes'.

From telegraphic dispatches we have strong hopes that old Morton will soon "hand in his checks." Live or die, he is about past doing the South an injury. The old adage is, "say nothing but good of the dead," but if we were to write Morton's obituary, we could stick to it. He is essentially an illiberal, cowardly and vindictive man, with not one generous emotion. It took this kind of character to hound on the war against a prostrate South, after she had laid down her arms upon guarantee that she should be fairly treated.

Mr. Dr. Pelham, whose death we noticed last week, was taken sick with a congestive chill. The Hayneville (Lowndes county) Examiner has this to say of her death:

The Jacksonville REPUBLICAN notes the death last week of Mrs. Dr. Pelham of Alexandria, Calhoun county. We assume that this was the mother of "the Gallant Pelham," and if so she was a Miss M. Gibbs of a North Carolina (Perry county) family.

The Examiner is right. She was the noble mother of that noble son, and long ere this has joined him "with princes of the sky."

The war between Russia and Turkey, from telegraphic accounts, must be the most horrible one that has stained the pages of history for centuries. Neither army, it seems, spares either age, sex, or condition. Indeed it is upon the weak and defenceless that the blows fall oftenest and cruelest. It turns one sick at heart to read about it. And yet both sovereigns called upon God to witness the purity of their intentions in going into the war, and announced Him as an ally. "God with us," indeed! It must repeat Him that He ever made man when He looks upon their devilish and cowardly oppression of the weak.

We are frequently asked what has come of the strikers. They have nearly all gone back to work, the railroads in nearly every instance according to their demands for higher wages. The causes which led to the strike still remain however, and will give this country trouble yet unless Congress undoes much of the legislation since the war in favor of the money power, and legislates awhile in the interest of the army of workers. The Democratic House is ready to do this, but the Radical Senate still stands as a bulwark against any onslaught upon the money power. When that House is changed we may begin to see daylight, peace and plenty.

The Plenic at Josie's Springs.

We had fully determined to attend this plenic of the Grangers, but when the time came we were so busy on the Premium List of the Fair that we found it impossible. A gentleman of this place, however, who attended, furnishes us the following particulars of it:

The day opened up with a very unfavorable prospect, and just about the time people should have started to the place it commenced raining, and rained until half-past 8 o'clock hard. Yet, despite the weather he found, upon arrival, an audience sufficiently large to crowd and overflow the church building upon the ground.

Col. Chambers opened the talk in an eloquent speech, full of suggestion and information. After he had finished, dinner was announced, and such a dinner our informant declares he has rarely partaken of. It was not only sumptuous and abundant, but was served up in the most palatable style—such a dinner as only the wholesome and generous people of Choctawhatchee valley can get up.

After dinner the crowd again gathered and listened with attention and relish to a most masterly speech from Dr. I. T. Tichenor. Those only who heard the speech of Dr. Tichenor at our last county fair, can realize how it charmed and captivated his hearers. At the conclusion of his address the audience dispersed, full of hope and enthusiasm for the future of Alabama. No doubt but the meeting at Josie's springs, and the speeches there delivered, will be of great benefit to our country. We only regret that such meetings are not more frequent, and that such speeches cannot be often made in every nook and corner of it.

For the Republican.

To

There is told, the tale of a woman fair
Who sat on a vine-clad mountain height;
And she sang a strange, and a magic song,
While winding the wealth of her raven hair.

Above the world mount where she calmly sits,
From a steep and lonely rugged cliff;
There the wild sea birds make their constant home,
And storm cloud shadows eternal flit.

But the beautiful dyes of the sunset's hour,
Make mountains shine, in the distance,
And there rests a hush and a brooding peace,
On the distant sea and far off tower.

Thus then she binds with her golden comb,
The matchless wealth of her raven hair;
Still singing her wild and her restless song,
To hail the fisherman nearing his home.

He hears the voice and starts with wild surprise,
To feel the thrill of his magic spell.
He ceases to hear but the wondrous song,
While rolling storms in their vengeance arise.

Fisherman merrily rolls the sea ere long;
His waves wash o'er thyself and thy boat;
Such ruin is linked here forever
With the lady and her wonderful song.

Thus it is that a dark and fearful fate
Is leagued with the spell that she weaves,
And rain is wrought, by a woman's charm,
For the drummer awakes when too late, too late.

What thoughts are now mine I can hardly tell,
They ring in my soul their restless chimes;
They tell me a woman has charmed my life,
Till he is cured by this magical spell.

I gazed awestruck till the vision died,
Which has crowned the life of my life;
What has filled my soul with an angelic light,
Till hope and trust are eternally died.

And now sad, I drift with the restless tide,
A broken wreck on the sea of life,
Content if at last oblivion's stream
The past and its woes forever shall hide.

The Industrial Convention.

ATLANTA, Aug. 11, 1877.

Mr. Editor.—The Industrial Convention called to meet at Bloom Springs on the 4th inst., will consist of two delegates from each county, representing the agricultural interests; two from each county representing the commercial interests; one from each manufacturing establishment; one from each railroad; one from each newspaper, and one from each incorporated body. In those counties where are county Grangers or agricultural societies, they will appoint the agricultural delegates. Where no such organizations exist they will be appointed by the Probate Judge of the county. Mayors of cities will appoint the commercial delegates. All these delegates will be transported free of charge by a steamer from New at Courtland, Ala., certificates of their appointment. Therefore, Masters of County Granges, Presidents of County Agricultural Societies, Probate Judges, Mayors, Presidents of Mining and Manufacturing establishments, Superintendents of Railroads, Presidents of Colleges, and editors of newspapers are requested to make their appointments and furnish me with duplicates of the same. I will at once forward a certificate to each delegate thus appointed, which will enable him to go and return over the Memphis & Charleston and North & South Railroads free of charge. A large attendance is desired.

W. C. STUBBS, Courtland, Ala.

TRUE HEROINES.—The other night at the Rome Hotel a party of young men were discussing the cause of so few marriages. One stated that the young men were fearful that they would not be able to support their wives as they might wish to be cured for, and thus by marriage they would be increasing the burdens of life. Major Walker, in refutation of the idea that a true wife is a burden to her husband, cited the case of a young lady residing on the Selma road. Her father having lost his property, these, at that time girls, although educated and accomplished went to work, laboring daily in the field, following the plow and wedding the hoe. Result: They have today deposited in the bank to their credit \$25,000.

If all the heroines that have figured in all sentimental novels from the time that the first romantic dreamer dreamed dreams, and put them in a book, down to the present day, were consolidated into one, she would be, in comparison with these two heroines, as the light of a yellow dip to that of a brilliant chandelier.—Rome Courier.

Brick Pomeroy has been divorced again: this time from his second wife, because she wanted to be an actress, and he opposed it. He had to go to Utah to get the divorce, and as soon as that was granted he returned to Chicago and married a proof reader in his office for his third wife. Brick must be hard to please, and have precious little affection.

Fifteen hundred wing girls went in bathing at Cony Island, N. Y., and the band played "Mollie Darling."

Calhoun County Agricultural Fair.

PREMIUM LIST FOR 1877.

CLASS A.

W. F. Hanna, J. A. Bailey, Supt's.

Horses, Mules and Jacks.

- 1 Best Stallion, 4 years old and over, cup \$5 00
- 2 Best Stallion, 4 years old and over, cup 5 00
- 3 Best Stallion, 4 years old and over, cup 5 00
- 4 Best Stallion, 4 years old and over, cup 5 00
- 5 Best Stallion, 3 years old, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
- 6 Best Stallion, 2 years old, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
- 7 Best Stallion, 3 years old, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
- 8 Best Stallion, 2 years old, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
- 9 Best Stallion, 4 years old and over, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
- 10 Best Stallion, 4 years old and over, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
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- 59 Best Stallion, 4 years old and over, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
- 60 Best Stallion, 4 years old and over, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
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- 97 Best Stallion, 4 years old and over, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
- 98 Best Stallion, 4 years old and over, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
- 99 Best Stallion, 4 years old and over, Alabama raised, cup 5 00
- 100 Best Stallion, 4 years old and over, Alabama raised, cup 5 00

SAMPLE OF CROPS.

101 Best half bushel of white wheat, Silver Medal

102 Best half bushel of red wheat, do

103 Best half bushel of white wheat, do

104 Best half bushel of red wheat, do

105 Best half bushel of white wheat, do

106 Best half bushel of red wheat, do

107 Best half bushel of white wheat, do

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159 Best half bushel of white wheat, do

160 Best half bushel of red wheat, do

161 Best half bushel of white wheat, do

162 Best half bushel of red wheat, do

163 Best half bushel of white wheat, do

CLASS B.

A. M. Stewart, Jas. Gladden, Supt's.

Cattle, Sheep and Swine.

- 1 Best bull, 3 years old and over, cup 5 00
- 2 Best bull, 3 years old and over, cup 5 00
- 3 Best bull, 3 years old and over, cup 5 00
- 4 Best bull, 3 years old and over, cup 5 00
- 5 Best bull, 3 years old and over, cup 5 00
- 6 Best bull, 3 years old and over, cup 5 00
- 7 Best bull, 3 years old and over, cup 5 00
- 8 Best bull, 3 years old and over, cup 5 00
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- 97 Best bull, 3 years old and over, cup 5 00
- 98 Best bull, 3 years old and over, cup 5 00
- 99 Best bull, 3 years old and over, cup 5 00
- 100 Best bull, 3 years old and over, cup 5 00

CLASS C.

J. D. Pruitt, Decatur Davis, Supt's.

Poultry—Chickens.

- 1 Best display of chickens, five, Gold Medal
- 2 Best display of chickens, five, Silver Medal
- 3 Best display of chickens, five, do
- 4 Best display of chickens, five, do
- 5 Best display of chickens, five, do
- 6 Best display of chickens, five, do
- 7 Best display of chickens, five, do
- 8 Best display of chickens, five, do
- 9 Best display of chickens, five, do
- 10 Best display of chickens, five, do
- 11 Best display of chickens, five, do
- 12 Best display of chickens, five, do
- 13 Best display of chickens, five, do
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- 32 Best display of chickens, five, do
- 33 Best display of chickens, five, do
- 34 Best display of chickens, five, do
- 35 Best display of chickens, five, do
- 36 Best display of chickens, five, do
- 37 Best display of chickens,

POND'S EXTRACT.
POND'S EXTRACT.
The People's Remedy.

Note: Ask for Pond's
Take no other

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Save life and property. Order them directly from the Manufactory and save the large and excessive profits charged by traveling salesmen. Repairing attended to. Adir. ss

MIDDLETON & CO

Manufacturers of all kinds of Lightning Rods,
Joints and Weather Vanes, Emblematic Signs,
or, Ridge and Girard Ave's Philad'a.
BUTTER how to make, pack, preserve & COLOR.
Extract Receipts, Dairyman's Receipts,
for 7 cent stamp. MRS. J. SMITH, 327 Arch St., Philad'a., Pa.

FOREIGN MUTUAL
Incorporated in 1847. Assets, \$5,940,006.37.
SAMUEL C. HUEY, President.
The PENN is strictly mutual. Its surplus is returned to its members every year, this giving an assurance of the lowest rates. All its policies non-creditable for their value.
Endowment Policies issued at Life Rates.
Agents wanted. Apply to
H. S. STEPHENS, Vice President.
N. F. BURNHAM'S "1874"
WATER-WHEEL
declared the "STANDARD TURBINE."

over 650 persons who use it. **Priced reduced** to
per pamphlet, free. N. F. BENHAM, York, Pa.

LARGE MIXED CARDS with name, address
and the stamp, 10¢ per 100. Write to Sam-
s & Co., 21, DOWD, Bristol, Conn.

ENSIONS—No matter how nighty disabled,
lucres no paid, Advice and ciren-
free T. McMICHAEL, Att'y, 707 Sansom St.,
Phila. Pa."

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.

This truly valuable tonic has been so thor-
oughly tested by all classes of the community

It is now deemed indispensable as a tonic
 medicine. It costs but little, purifies the
 blood and gives tone to the stomach, renews
 the system and prolongs life. Everbody
 should have it. For the cure of Weak stom-
 ach, General Debility, Indigestion, Diseases
 of the Stomach, and for all cases requiring a
 tonic. This wine includes the most agreeable
 and efficient Salt of Iron we possess—Citrate
 of Magnetic Oxide, combined with the most
 energetic of vegetable tonics—Yellow Peruvian
 Bark.

Do you want something to strengthen you?

Do you want a good appetite?
Do you want to get rid of nervousness?
Do you want energy?
Do you want to sleep well?
Do you want to begin your constitution?
Do you want to feel well?
Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling?
If you do, try KUNDEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON.
I only ask a trial of this valuable tonic.
Beware of counterfeits, as KUNDEL'S Bitter
wine of Iron is the only sure and effectual
remedy in the known world for the permanent
cure of Dyspepsia and Debility, and as the re-

a number of imitations offered to the public. I would caution the community to purchase none but the genuine article, manufactured by E. P. Kunkel, and having his stamp in the cork of every bot. The very fact that others are attempting to imitate this valuable remedy proves its value. It is sold in 21 bottles or six bottles for \$5. Try this valuable medicine and be convinced of its merits. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere.

Tape Worm Removed Alive.
 Head and all segments in two hours. No fee.

hear and are compelled to do so. Send for Worms removed by Dr. Kunkel, 253 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Send for circular with a treatise on all kinds of worms, advance free. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Kunkel's Worm Syrup, which will do the work. Price \$1.00. It never fails to remove all kinds, whether in children or grown persons. Directions on the wrapper.

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OF THIS PAPER.

**A Genuine Swiss Magnetic Time-
Keeper,** a perfect Gem for everybody desiring
a reliable *Time-Recorder*, and also a superior Com-
pass, having such size, that it works upon crystal oil,
in a superb *Globe*. *Handing-up*, warranted
to denote correct time, and keep to order for years.
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away to every person of this paper as a Free Gift.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT.

COUPON.

On receipt of this Coupon and 50 cents to pay for postage, texture and mailing charges we promise to send each patron of this paper a GELVES SWISS MAGNETIC THERM-KEEPER.

Address, Magnetic Watch Co.,
ASHLAND, MASS.

This is your ONLY OPPORTUNITY to obtain this beautiful thermometer at ONCE. This offer will hold good for 30 days.

MORRISON'S
OLD ESTABLISHED
BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE
HAS REMOVED TO
S. W. Cor. Second and Vine Streets.
Where you can still get full value for your money.
Men's Fine Boots.....from \$2.00 to \$4.50
Congress Galloes.....1.25 to 4.00
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Agency for Rubber Boots & Shoes.
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S. W. Cor. Second and Vine Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

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EXTERNAL PILEREMEDY
gives instant relief, and is
an infallible Cure for Piles.
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ples free to all applicants.
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12" from druggists, be careful to get the genuine article. Observe that the signature of "S. HILSBEE, M. D." is on each end of the box.

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 I soft lips is like, and as a soldier, and to the moon
 are well liked maxims, what's lying in a small and
 as a human experience. Is member, but of the
 building up of Laphra. Send for the Laphra
 rener, A.C. to W. Y. EDWARDS, to Stanley Street,

HEAVEN Little help themselves. I
 I soft lips is like, and as a soldier, and to the moon
 are well liked maxims, what's lying in a small and
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